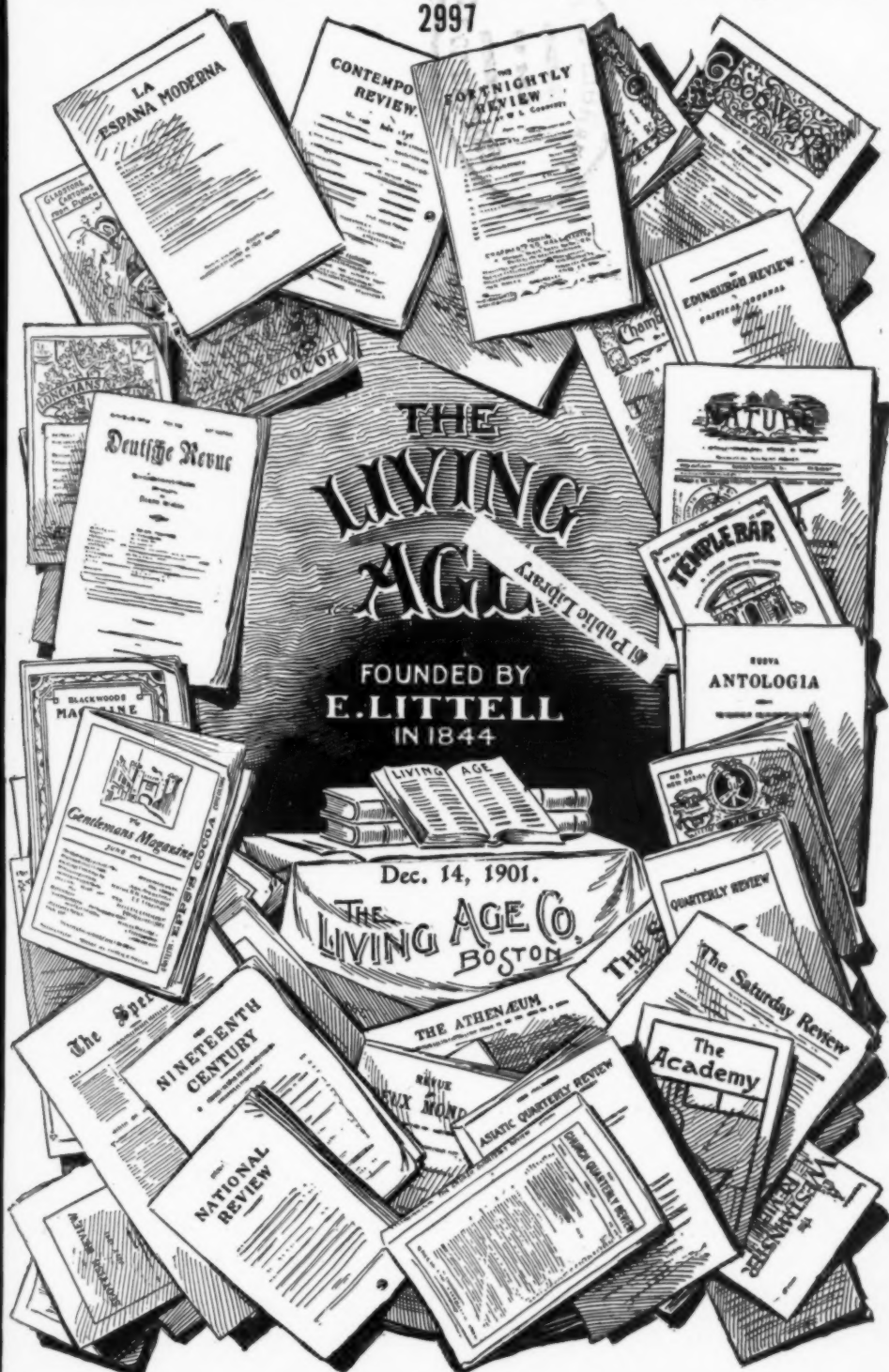


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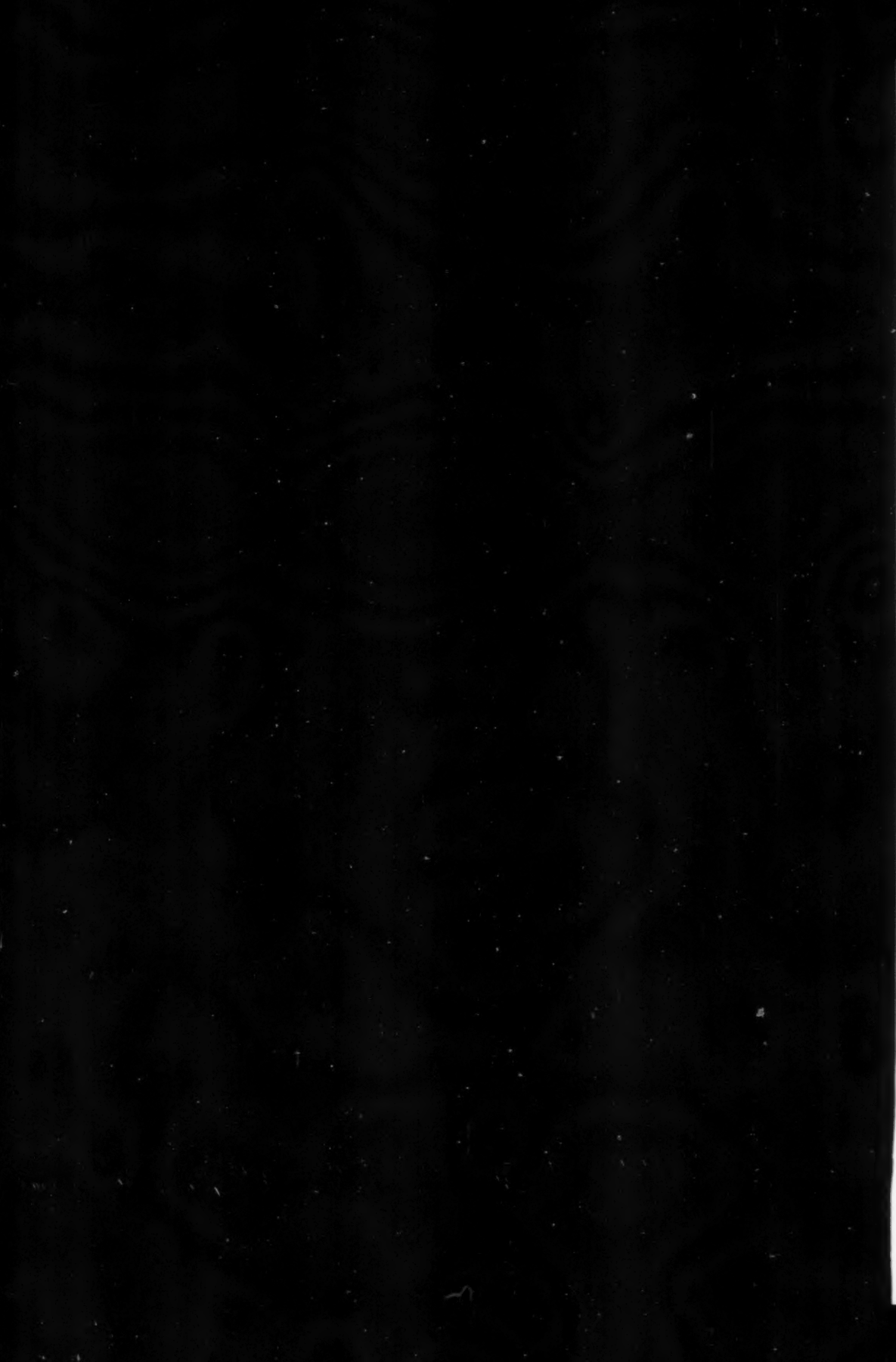
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BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY.

BY A. B. C. ETC.

The events which have occurred in South Africa during the last few years cannot fail to produce consequences deeper and more far-reaching than the most penetrating observer of contemporary politics could have contemplated at the moment a too famous Raid provoked a no less famous telegram. The effect of these events upon British methods of conducting the national business, and upon our political system, are purely domestic questions which need not be discussed here. Suffice it to say that one of the obvious lessons of the crisis is the necessity of revising the relations of various Departments of Government to one another, with the object of obtaining greater efficiency and of abolishing the fatal influence of the Treasury, which, by its illegitimate interference with naval and military projects, leads to wasteful, because untimely, outlay. It is patent to every thinking Englishman that the financial affairs of our Empire must be worked on more methodical lines; but if we spend our money more wisely than under the present anti-efficient and anti-economical *régime*, it is by no means certain that the taxpayer will be called upon to spend more, either upon our

Army or even our Navy; he will undoubtedly be ready and willing and able to spend whatever the national necessity may demand. Great Britain does not require an immense army of the approved Continental type, but she does require a splendidly equipped and highly trained force, ready for transportation at short notice to any part of her over-sea Empire which may be menaced. The British Navy should be increased so as to enable us to meet any three Powers at sea in superior numbers. The naval policy and avowed hostility of Germany, to which even the British official world can no longer remain blind, will force us to keep on a war-footing in the North Sea a fleet as powerful and efficient as the Mediterranean or Channel Squadrons. Here, again, the money required will be forthcoming; but while some of us believe that our present annual expenditure of sixty millions sterling on national defence would, in provident and efficient hands, supply us not only with the Army, but also with the Navy we need—others are certain of it.

The lesson which foreign countries may learn from our war in South Africa is one that in their own interest each of them would do well to take to

heart. We desire to avoid swagger, which is said to be a British characteristic, and is probably in varying forms a characteristic of every great nation which believes in itself and its future; but to all interested in understanding the real strength of this nation the Boer War should serve as a useful warning. The prolonged and exasperating struggle has once more exhibited in an impressive manner the political stability of British institutions and the steadfast character of the British race. Reflecting men can see that the living generation of Englishmen have in no way degenerated from their forbears of a hundred years ago. In the earlier period there were two men who appreciated the inherent strength of this country; one was William Pitt, while the other was Napoleon Bonaparte. Pitt knew the meaning of Trafalgar. The conversation which he had in his last days with the young general who was rapidly rising to fame and who was destined to become the great Duke of Wellington, shows that his prescient intellect grasped the fact that, in spite of Austerlitz, if England were only true to herself, Nelson's victory must inevitably drive Napoleon to a policy which would so exasperate other nations that they would ultimately turn upon him—Spain giving the signal. His vision was fulfilled; England remained true to herself, and the steadfastness of her people extorted a remarkable tribute from Napoleon to his victorious enemies before the close of his life at St. Helena: "Had I been in 1815 the choice of the English as I was of the French, I might have lost the battle of Waterloo without losing a vote in the Legislature or a soldier from my ranks." During the last two years it has been abundantly demonstrated that the Englishmen of to-day have the same grit as their grandfathers, and the quiet, self-possessed manner in which they have faced the

ignorant execration and the political animosity of the civilized world is calculated to cause unfriendly communities to pause. They have with quiet resolution supported the Ministry—whose half-hearted measures have not always made support easy—simply because it was carrying on a war, and thousands and tens of thousands of men in England, who have all their lives been bitter opponents of the political party now in power, have acted with the single object of strengthening the hands of the Government. There have been hours of difficulty, and even of danger, when more than one foreign Power desired, and tentatively sought, to form a coalition against this country. It was the temper of the people of the British Empire backed by the Navy that stunned into sobriety the zealous malignity of those who were willing to wound, but afraid to strike. The details of these sinister intrigues are not only familiar to the British Foreign Office, but their existence is known to the intelligent public; and we must admit at the outset that such short-sighted and fatuous cabals have not rendered easier the task of those who believe that the interests of England lie in the direction of improved relations with certain foreign Powers with whom at present British relations are only "friendly" in the strictly diplomatic sense.

The efforts of certain European Powers—because neither Japan nor the United States has at any time been remotely implicated in these intrigues, which, in passing, we may say have never received the slightest encouragement from either the Austrian Sovereign or the Italian Government—have forced the conviction upon the British people that their national policy demands more serious attention than it has yet received. Englishmen are fully aware that the real origin of the war in South Africa was the want of a

clear and definite policy in that part of the world; and our main difficulties in other places are due to the same cause. The indefiniteness of our Colonial policy in past years was due to the deplorable fact that during a great part of the reign of Queen Victoria a powerful school existed among us which desired to divorce the Colonies from the Mother Country. In the year 1863 Mr. Goldwin Smith, then Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford—to which, *mirabile dictu*, he had been appointed on the advice of Lord Derby, the brilliant leader of the Conservative party—published a work called “The Empire.” This year (1863), as Monsieur Ollivier, *au cœur léger*, aptly observes, happens to mark the prominent appearance of Bismarck on the stage of history. Such was the moment chosen by the Oxford Professor to produce a book—which was received at the time with no little approval—not only advocating the disruption of the British Empire, but actually advising the surrender of important military positions. It is yet profitable to read the obsolete language of the learned Professor, if only to note how cruelly events hastened to stultify his prophecies and to derive entertainment from the self-opinionated insistence with which he announced the decline of conquering tendencies among nations. Within ten years of his startling discovery there followed in quick succession the annexation by Prussia of the Elbe duchies, Bismarck’s assault upon Austria, and the tearing of Alsace and Lorraine from France; a series of events which not only transformed the peace-loving Continent of which the Professor dreamed into something very like a military cantonment, but created a united Germany which, having exhausted her military ambition, is now seeking new worlds to conquer on the ocean.

The gradual decay in England of the

shallow and pusillanimous doctrines preached by the Manchester School, and by Professors who profess, without understanding, English history, has not been the work of English politicians. It is largely due to Colonial influence. The truer and more manly creed of national responsibility and imperial duty upheld by statesmen of sense and action, like the late Sir John Macdonald, Queen Victoria’s Prime Minister in Canada, made steady way throughout the Empire. Its acceptance was followed by the growth of self-consciousness amongst those free nations which, for want of a better name, we still call self-governing colonies. Our leading thinkers and public men, with the conspicuous and honorable exceptions of Lord Rosebery, Mr. W. E. Forster and Sir John Seeley, did little or nothing to bring these communities into closer touch with one another or with the Mother Country until the day Mr. Chamberlain accepted the office of Colonial Minister. Incredible as it now seems, some of our most eminent statesmen positively desired to sever the ties between the Colonies and the Mother Country. In 1873, *e. g.*, Mr. Gladstone told one of the writers of this article that he considered it would be a grand thing for England if she could get rid of the colonies, and he quoted Sir George Cornwall Lewis, who passed for a sagacious man, as being of the same opinion. Justice compels us to recognize that the Liberals were not peculiar in their blindness and perversity on colonial affairs. There remains on record the amazing sentence which Mr. Disraeli wrote to Lord Malmesbury during this benighted period: “These wretched Colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks.” Even Mr. Goschen was once a Little Englander, while Professor Parkin affirms that Lord Thring (Parliamentary counsel to successive

Cabinets) at one time actually prepared a Separation Bill. But in spite of all political discouragement the Colonies clung closer to the Mother Country, and the idea of severing a sacred tie became more and more distasteful to their piety. With the spread of education and the growth of wider knowledge of English literature and English history, our kinsmen beyond the seas took increasing pride in the association of their new land with the old country, and in their own identity with the stock of the barons of Runnymede, the yeomen of Cressy and Agincourt, the sailors of Trafalgar and the enlightened and patriotic statesmen to whom the Anglo-Saxon world owes the Writ of Habeas Corpus and the Bill of Rights. Their imagination was no less fired and their deepest feelings of reverence were stirred when they saw the noble example of unswerving public duty which was given to the world by the Sovereign to whom they owed allegiance; and when during the royal progress through London on June 22, 1897, the representatives of these splendid young nations were seen in attendance on their revered ruler, the British Empire had, so to speak, found itself. From that moment the little Englander, who had been an anxiety, ceased to be a serious factor in English public affairs. We could therefore afford to be amused at the announcement of the "Berliner Post" (which is not professedly a comic paper), at the opening of the present war (October 13, 1899), that in the British colonies "a pronounced movement in favor of separation from the Mother Country is noticeable!"

The conduct of these daughter nations during our South African struggle has driven home and clenched the object-lesson of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and the people of England most thoroughly realize that the attention of their statesmen can no longer be

exclusively devoted to the domestic affairs of two little islands, but that henceforward in all questions of policy we must give a close and sympathetic consideration, not only to the interests, but also to the feelings of the people of Greater Britain.

Closely connected with the subject of inter-imperial relations is the policy which the British Empire should pursue as regards other nations and empires. We shall have to re-consider our position with regard to them one by one; for it must be owned that some of our Ministers seem to be living under the spell of a diplomacy, which the wisest of them has declared to be "antiquated." We wish to see this wisdom translated into action. We believe it to be the desire of the nation that these old-time prejudices and superstitions should be abandoned. The condition of the world has greatly changed during the past century. At the time when the "pilot who weathered the storm" was laid in his grave at the foot of his father's statue in Westminster Abbey, France was ahead of all European countries as regards population, for she numbered twenty-five million souls. When England entered upon her Titanic struggle with Napoleon, the whole European population of the British Empire did not exceed fifteen millions, while the population of the United States was not much larger than that of Australia at the present moment. To-day we are living in an entirely new world, the development and progress of which is the topic of almost every leading article, so we need not descant upon it here. Perhaps the main fact which should impress itself upon Englishmen in considering the actual international outlook is not merely the extraordinary growth of Germany—who has achieved greatness by trampling on her neighbors—but the fact that this formidable community is becoming in-

creasingly dependent on a foreign food supply, as well as on foreign supplies of raw and partially manufactured articles. This necessarily involves the development of Germany as a Sea Power, and it is a matter for every European State to ponder over. She is already stronger at sea than either France or Russia. It therefore affects them as well as England, though up to a certain point they may welcome it, because it is the cause of German hostility to England. No one has brought this hostility so graphically before the British nation as the present Chancellor of the German Empire, Count von Bülow. He loses few opportunities in his highly flavored discourses in the Reichstag of displaying his contempt for Great Britain, though both before and after more than one of these public demonstrations, private assurances have been conveyed to the British Government that the speaker need not be taken seriously as he was merely "conciliating" German Anglophobes—usually of the Agrarian class to which he belongs. One of these utterances, however, stands by itself, and as it is quite incapable of being explained away, Count von Bülow has not attempted any explanation. In reply to an interpellation, he informed the Reichstag that the telegram sent by Kaiser Wilhelm to President Kruger in 1896 was not, as had been represented in this country, the offspring of an unpremeditated impulse of resentment against the Jameson Raid, but it was a deliberate effort to ascertain how far Germany could reckon on the support of France and Russia in forming an anti-British combination. The Chancellor owned that the effort had failed, presumably because our supposed enemies were unwilling to play into the hands of Germany; he explained that, in consequence, German foreign policy had necessarily to take another tack, since "isolation" had been demonstrat-

ed. We doubt whether history records in the relations between great Powers a more impudent avowal of a more unfriendly act. It is galling to Englishmen to reflect that Germany was rewarded for failing to raise Europe against us by an Anglo-German agreement securing to her the reversion to spacious territories to which she has no sort of claim, though they may have been in the Kaiser's capacious mind when he despatched his telegram.

The official advocates of the Naval Bills which have been introduced into the "Reichstag" during the last three years have made no concealment as to the objective of the modern German navy, and that portion of the German press which takes its cue from the Government has told us in language impossible to misunderstand that Germany aspires to deprive us of our position on the ocean. "*Unsere Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser*;" such is the swelling phrase of the Kaiser; but, like all his rhetoric, there is serious purpose behind it. At the present time it is estimated that a substantial proportion of the food of the entire population of Germany is sea-borne. She is becoming transformed from an agricultural into an industrial community, and if the process continues for another quarter of a century, while remaining secured against actual starvation by her land frontiers, she will become no less dependent on the ocean highways for her prosperity than we are. Great Britain is therefore confronted with the development of a new sea power founded on the same economic basis as herself, and impelled by a desire to be supreme. But *l'océan ne comporte qu'un seul maître*. We have secured in the past the sovereignty of the seas, and our sceptre cannot be wrested from us without a desperate and bloody struggle. Germany will not be so insane as to attempt this task single-handed, at any rate for many years to

come; and it is for other Powers to consider in the interval whether it is for their advantage to support her in a joint attack on England, in which, as is evident from recent revelations, President Faure clearly foresaw that the brunt of battle would fall upon others, while the lion's share of any plunder would fall to Germany. It is by no means improbable that such a coalition might be worsted. We have before now successfully faced the world in arms on the ocean; but on the unlikely hypothesis of our fleet being crushed, it may be as well for other nations to make up their minds what they might expect to gain if the German eagle replaced the Union Jack as the symbol of sea power.

We approach the delicate question of our relations with Russia with considerable diffidence, as the omniscient German press has declared at any time during the last twenty years that the interests of England and Russia are as irreconcilable as their hatred is hereditary. It can hardly be denied that the "honest broker" in Berlin has exploited this assumed antagonism with much skill and no little profit to himself, but it has yet to be pointed out what benefit has accrued to either of the traditional antagonists. There are grounds for asserting that this question has lately been asked in responsible quarters in Russia, and that to-day the Russian Government is less ready "to pull the chestnuts out of the fire," to use a favorite Teutonic metaphor, for Count von Billow than she used to be for his illustrious predecessor, Prince Bismarck. On the other hand, the failure of the Russian Emperor to act on the amiable exhortations of the leading German journals by taking advantage of our pre-occupations in South Africa has made an unmistakable impression on the public opinion of this country. The "National Zei-

tung," one of Prince Bismarck's favored organs, kindly informed us on October 1, 1899: "If England gets into military difficulties in South Africa, if the war is protracted, or if it takes an unfavorable turn, Russia would not remain idle. The opportunity for Russian aggrandizement in Asia would be too tempting." Of all countries in the world, the Power which would have most reason to rue the substitution of Germany for Great Britain as the mistress of the seas would be Russia. When Kaiser Wilhelm came on his fruitful visit to England in the autumn of 1899, which produced the "graceful concession" on our part of Samoa, prominent Englishmen, who were inquisitive as to the significance of the great naval movement then under way in Germany, received the comforting assurance that German naval armaments were exclusively directed against Russia, being intended for co-operation with England in the Far East and for the maintenance of German interests in the Near East. In a sense, the latter suggestion expresses a substantially accurate fact. If once the sea power of England were overthrown Germany would be free to execute her hostile policy towards Russia, who is not less in her way than we are. There is an idea growing steadily amongst Germans that Germany should expand into an empire branching from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf; thus would territories be secured enjoying an excellent climate, to which the surplus stream of German population, which now flows to the United States and to the British Empire, might be diverted, without being lost to the German flag. This is by no means a new idea; it is the revival of an old idea, and it means of course the supremacy of Germany in the Near East and the supersession of the Slav by the Teuton. Such is the objective of those ambitious dreamers known as the Pan-

Germanic League, a body most tenderly regarded by the German Government, and it embodies a policy as antagonistic to Russia as the German naval program is hostile to England.

Whatever the effect of recent developments may have been upon Russia, the attitude of the German nation and the suspicious policy of the German Government has led a continually increasing number of Englishmen to inquire whether it would not be worth while for England and Russia to discuss their differences with the object of arriving at a working understanding, and, if possible, a comprehensive settlement? Very distinguished Russians have frequently expressed an earnest desire that their country should seek an *entente* with England. The late Emperor Alexander openly avowed his desire for such a settlement. The present Emperor is credited with the same disposition as his father, and has more than once, though in an unostentatious manner, manifested his beneficent intentions towards this country. Had Sir Robert Morier lived, it is almost certain that an understanding would have been arrived at, but after his death the Emperor Alexander III became convinced that it was hopeless to try and do business with this country, owing to the influence of a certain school of English politicians whose unreasoning antagonism to Russia almost amounts to a monomania. We hasten to say, however, that the fault does not lie exclusively with England. A main difficulty which confronts us whenever the subject is broached is that the central Government of St. Petersburg appears to be unable or unwilling to control the action of its more distant agents. We have had several conspicuous examples recently in China, *e. g.*, where Russian officers have treated the property of, or pledged to, British subjects in a most high-handed and intolerable manner, in de-

fiance of repeated assurances given to our Ambassador at St. Petersburg. In fact, these cases were so bad that we do not care to dwell upon them. Again, a letter which appeared in the "Times" of September 14, signed "K.," narrated an episode in Persia illustrating the difficulty of overcoming the obsession of certain Russian officials, who appear to think that their whole duty consists in playing into the hands of the Germans by making decent diplomatic relations between England and Russia impossible. It appears that while Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was British Minister at Teheran, he endeavored to come to an arrangement with Russia on certain Persian questions. He drew up a memorandum, which he showed confidentially to his Russian colleague, indicating how the vast material interests of Persia might be developed to the advantage of all three Powers if they worked together. The only use which the Russian Minister made of this memorandum was to ruin the British Minister's influence in Persia by giving a false account of the whole transaction to the Shah, with the object of convincing his Majesty that Great Britain desired the partition of Persia! At the same time, we in England must remember, when we complain of such conduct on the part of Russian agents, that, bad as it is, it is not more perfidious than actions which our Government appears willing to tolerate when Germany is the culprit. We doubt whether in the whole range of diplomatic intercourse it would be possible to point to the behavior of one great Power to another more audaciously cynical in its disloyalty than the conduct of Germany to England over what Count von Bülow has been pleased to christen the "Yangtze Agreement"—except perhaps the treason of Prussia to her allies on the occasion of the Peace of Basel.

The chief political obstacle to an

Anglo-Russian understanding is, no doubt, due to the desire of Russia to come down to the Persian Gulf. If we are able to recognize and tolerate her ambition in that quarter our antagonism would come to an end, at least for a generation. This admittedly is a subject of great difficulty, and one not to be settled off-hand; but that is no reason, as the "Times" has lately pointed out, why statesmen should not be prepared to face it. It is clearly our interest, as it is our intention, to preserve intact the *status quo* in the Gulf unless we can come to an arrangement with Russia by which we get a *quid pro quo*. That status has been lately threatened by the Sultan of Turkey at Koweit, the port at the head of the Gulf which the Germans are believed to have marked as their future naval base, and which is to be the southern terminus of the great trunk line which will cross Asia Minor from Constantinople. The Sultan of Turkey lately made use of certain local disturbances between Mubarak, the Sheikh of Koweit, and the Emir of Najd in order to assert his sovereignty over the independent sheikhs of the coast, and he counted on vindicating his pretensions over the ruler of Koweit, after that personage had been defeated by his enemies. Accordingly, the Sultan sent a corvette full of troops to Koweit. Mubarak immediately applied for British protection, and when the Turks appeared they found one of our gunboats in the port, and the British officer informed the Turkish commander of the expedition that his troops would not be allowed to land. There the matter stands for the present, but the whole incident is illustrative of the handiwork of Germany, who was undoubtedly egging on the Sultan. The attempt was mainly directed against the British policy of upholding the present situation in the Persian Gulf, but if successful, it might have

a very considerable bearing on the future interests of Russia. Is it not idle to argue that Germany has "claims" to a port on the Persian Gulf, while we are to regard the appearance of Russia in that part of the world as a *casus belli*? Some acknowledged authorities have held that the manifest anxiety of Russia to penetrate into Southern Persia and to secure a seaport is a subject to be carefully considered by England. In this connection a thoughtful paper by Sir Richard Temple, in the July number of the "Royal United Service Journal," deserves the attention of the statesmen of both countries; and it may also be remarked that the policy of endeavoring to close our controversy with Russia by an accord on the Persian Gulf was advocated at the close of his career by no less a person than Sir Henry Rawlinson. But it cannot be too often repeated that the condition precedent of such an agreement is the active goodwill of the powers that be in St. Petersburg. It is for them to reflect as to whether the co-operation of England might not be of enormous use in promoting Russian trade in the Far East. At present Russia has already a road from the Caspian to the Persian capital, which is a source of great profit to her; but she can only transport goods to and from the Persian Gulf on the backs of camels or of mules; and the cost of carriage between the Caspian and the sea-coast, even at the most favorable time of the year, is not less than twenty pounds a ton.

In another part of the world it is for the Russians to consider whether the goodwill of England might not be worth cultivating. The question of Manchuria naturally rankles in the mind of the Japanese, who can clearly see that if a Japanese *pied à terre* constituted a menace to the integrity of the Chinese Empire, which was the

pretext on which she was ordered out of Port Arthur, then the establishment of Russia in Manchuria may become a very formidable menace to Japan. That conviction is coming home with increasing force the closer Japan views the situation; that Russia is aware of it is shown by her studied conciliation to the first-class naval and military Power lying off her most exposed flank. She feels constrained to go out of her way to appease the Japanese Government to which she ostentatiously communicates the movements of her troops in Manchuria; but these courtesies do not conciliate; the burning indignation which the Russian appropriation of Manchuria raises in the breast of Japan may be concealed for a while, but she is merely biding her time, and awaiting an opportunity for displaying her real sentiments. The keystone to British policy in the Far East is a friendly understanding and co-operation with Japan; but, that being recognized, there is nothing to prevent this country from supporting a settlement of the Manchurian and Korean questions on lines which would be regarded as fairly satisfactory both in St. Petersburg and in Tokio. If the Korean question were regularized, Japan would have considerably less reason than at present to apprehend Russian schemes, and Russia, on her part, might devote herself to developing her far eastern dominions without risk of interruption from Japan.

Russian statesmen have to make up their minds whether, in the present condition of Russian industries, Russian agriculture and Russian finance, a friendly understanding with England, which would relieve her anxieties in the Far East, and which might result in her being able to continue her Trans-Caucasian and Siberian railways to the shores of the Persian Gulf, and which, last but not least, might enable her to carry out her historic mission in

the Balkans, is not worth a high price.

Whether our readers agree with the view propounded in this paper or not we do not think that those who adopt a purely negative attitude by denying the existence of any basis for an *entente* between the Russian and British Empires are entitled to be heard. If others have a positive policy opposed to that which we are setting forth, by all means let them produce it, and induce or compel the British Government to adopt it and execute it. But in the interval we venture to sketch in outline some suggestions for a comprehensive settlement between the two Powers with the object of demonstrating to the sceptics that at any rate the raw material for an Anglo-Russian agreement abounds—whatever may be the case as regards the good will and statesmanship requisite to evolve the finished article. We would invite the reader to note that these suggestions are calculated to compromise neither the relations between Russia and France nor those between Great Britain and Japan.

PROPOSED ANGLO-RUSSIAN UNDERSTANDING.

The understanding would naturally fall under three different heads:

I. THE NEAR EAST.

With regard to the Near East the basis would be that whilst Russia abstained from any attempt to interfere with the *status quo* in Egypt, we should frankly recognize that the fulfilment of what Russia regards as her historic mission in the Balkan Peninsula conflicts with no vital British interests, and that in Asiatic Turkey we should abstain from favoring the development of German schemes of expansion.

II. PERSIA AND CENTRAL ASIA.

With regard to Persia and Central Asia, we might offer Russia our co-operation in the development of railway communication between the Caspian and the Persian Gulf, and in securing for her a commercial outlet on the Gulf in return for an undertaking on the part of Russia to respect the political *status quo* along the shores of the Gulf.

III. THE FAR EAST.

With regard to the Far East the question is necessarily more complicated, as Japan would have to be taken into the counsels of the two Empires and a basis of agreement arrived at which would satisfy her as well as Russia and Great Britain.

As far as Japan is concerned, such a basis might be found in the recognition by Russia and England of the Japanese claim to an exclusive sphere of influence in Corea.

Japan would presumably, in return for this concession, have no objection to a formal agreement under which Great Britain would recognize Russia's claim to regulate her political and commercial position in Manchuria and Mongolia by direct negotiation with China, and Russia would in like manner recognize Great Britain's claim to regulate in the same way her political and commercial position in the Yangtze Valley, each Power binding itself to give no support in those regions to the enterprise of any other Power. With regard to all other questions in China, Great Britain, Russia and Japan would agree to take no steps without mutual consultation.

The fact of Russia being a party to such an agreement would give France a guarantee that her interests would be taken into due consideration, while our participation would afford a

natural safeguard to the commercial interests of the United States.

The effect of such an agreement, accompanied by the customary demonstrations in such cases, public declarations by the Sovereigns and their official representatives, and an exchange of visits by their respective fleets, would at once remove the danger of a sudden explosion which must continue to hang over the whole world so long as the Far East remains the powder-magazine of international rivalries and conflicting interests which it is at present.

The natural consequence of this understanding would be that in the event of war between Germany and Russia, Great Britain would remain neutral, and in the event of war between Great Britain and Germany, Russia would remain neutral. Russia would no longer give cause for suspicion that she was instigating France to make war against us, as Count Muravieff did during the Fashoda crisis, and Great Britain would cease to be suspected in St. Petersburg of encouraging Japanese hostility to Russia. Japan, on her side, would be relieved of the menace of a possible revival against her of the Triple Alliance of 1895.

We need not enlarge upon other points in the European relations of Great Britain. Lord Salisbury's Government deserves credit for having strengthened the bonds between this nation and her oldest ally, Portugal, a country we should stand by on all occasions. On the other hand, have not his Majesty's Ministers shown some remissness in their dealings with Italy? At any rate, there is high authority for saying that this is the feeling in the Quirinal. Any obstacle to Anglo-Italian friendship, whatever it may be, should be speedily removed. Italy is a country specially dear to the English people; it is the land that Byron loved and to which Palmerston was

devoted. Nothing in the latter's brilliant career does him more credit than his persistent, wise and courageous efforts to liberate Italy from thralldom. Apart from all sentiment, Italy is one of the natural allies of England, and we have not so many that we can afford to trifle with her. Italian statesmen have one and all proclaimed their desire to maintain the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, and any attempt to impair the supremacy of England in that sea must be looked askance at in Italy, for if we were overthrown, France—the friend of the Vatican—would take our place. And just as Russia has nothing to gain but everything to lose from the substitution of German for British supremacy, so Italy would have bitter cause to rue the disappearance of the White Ensign from the Mediterranean. On her side, Italy has a right to expect the material as well as the moral support of England under certain circumstances easier to conceive than to discuss. For instance, should the nightmare which haunts European statesmanship materialize, and the Austrian Empire be plunged into the melting-pot, England should exert herself to secure for Italy that portion of the *disjecta membra* which is Italian in sympathy and feeling. Under no circumstances should we tolerate that the German flag should float over the Italian city of Trieste.

If we are to revert, as some of us desire, to the policy of Canning and Palmerston, and energetically support the cause of civil and religious liberty and popular rights in Europe, the time may not be remote when we should lift up our voices on behalf of the Czechs of Bohemia. In so doing we shall be promoting the real interests of the Austrian Empire. The question has been so persistently misrepresented that Englishmen are only beginning to realize that the Slavs of Austria are not the disintegrating

force within that country. But it is the German element enrolled under the banner of the Pan-Germanic League which threatens the existence of an empire which a great Czech writer has told us would have to be created if it did not exist.

To sum up, then, the general conclusions of this paper; we should do everything in our power to promote the interests of Italy and the expansion of Italian power, while we need not conceal our sympathies for the Bohemian Slavs and the ideas they represent, and we should adhere firmly to our old policy of alliance with Portugal. We are the only great European Power which covets no European territory, and it ought not to be beyond the resources of our statesmanship to profit by this unique feature in our position. In the Far East the keystone of our policy will be the maintenance of our *entente* with Japan. It is our earnest desire to meet, if possible, the wishes of Russia, particularly on the Persian Gulf; but this policy is only practicable if Russia realizes that our co-operation is at least as valuable to her as hers is to us. We may, perhaps, be allowed to interject in passing that the different methods and systems of government and political institutions in the two empires need not interfere with their cordial relations, as some Russians seem inclined to apprehend.

His Excellency Constantin Pobledonostseff, Procurator of the Holy Synod, has recently published an article in the "North American Review" expressing his unmitigated contempt for the Parliamentary machinery of France, Austria, Germany and Italy. We cannot but suspect that he is equally hostile to the spread of English theories of government, and fears they might conceivably creep into Russia in the wake of the Anglo-Russian *entente*. His Excellency should be reassured on that

point. Englishmen are beginning to realize that their institutions, however suitable to this country, are quite unsuitable even to nations whose historical development is much more similar to that of England than is the history of Russia. The Empire of the Tsars, on its side, possesses interesting and characteristic institutions which it would be disastrous to impair, but which could not be transferred to other soils.

In seeking to close our prolonged contest with Russia, we are desirous of doing something which would be for the advantage of civilization, and, should it be effected, it would not be less welcome because it brought us back into friendly relations with France—a country whose history is closely interwoven with our own, and with which we share so many political sentiments. The French are, perhaps, the only nation which will make sacrifices and run risks for the sake of those who enjoy their friendship. They are capable of sentimental attachment as well as sentimental hatred.

To those foreign statesmen who say, or are supposed to say, that "it is impossible to do business with England, seeing that one Government is apt to reverse the foreign policy of its predecessor," we would reply that of late years there have been various influences at work to steady public opinion in this country on questions of foreign politics, and that the break on a change of Government is practically imperceptible. The credit of this continuity is principally due to Lord Rosebery and his adherents in Parliament and the Press. No one familiar with the *personnel* of our politics can seriously suggest that if Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne were to pursue the policy set forth in this paper their successors would fail to keep the engagements they might inherit.

But earnestly as we advocate a par-

ticular policy there should be no misunderstanding as to our motives. We are not touting for alliances. We are prepared to entertain friendly overtures and to enter alliances on suitable terms and for practical purposes; and for the realization of ideals beneficial to the world at large we think Great Britain should be prepared to make considerable though reasonable sacrifices. But the people of this country will no longer tolerate a policy of "graceful concessions," and will not permit any Ministry or any personage however exalted to adopt towards any Power the attitude which has been too long followed as regards Germany. If Russia wishes to come to us, we shall meet her cordially and at least half way. If, on the other hand, Russia and France, one or both of them, elect to combine with Germany in an attempt to wrest from us the sceptre of the seas and to replace our sovereignty by that of Germany, England will know how to meet them. The Navy Bill in Germany was carried through with the avowed object of creating a navy which "would be able to keep the North Sea clear." We have no intention of clearing out of the North Sea or out of any other sea. We seek no quarrel with any Power; but if Germany thinks it her interest to force one upon us, we shall not shrink from the ordeal, even should she appear on the lists with France and Russia as her allies. Germans would, however, do well to realize that if England is driven to it, England will strike home.

Close to the foundations of the German Empire, which has hardly emerged from its artificial stage, there exists a powder magazine such as is to be found in no other country, viz., Social Democracy. In the case of a conflict with Great Britain, misery would be caused to large classes of the German population, produced by the total

collapse of subsidized industries; far-reaching commercial depression, financial collapse, and a defective food sup-

ply might easily make that magazine explode.

The National Review.

DOWN THE DANUBE IN A CANADIAN CANOE.

I.

It was a brilliant day in early June when we launched our canoe on the waters of the Danube, not one hundred yards from its source in the Black Forest, and commenced our journey of four and twenty hundred miles to the Black Sea. Two weeks before we had sent her from London to Donaueschingen by freight, and when the railway company telegraphed the word *arrived* we posted after her with tent, kit-bags, blankets, cameras and cooking-apparatus.

Donaueschingen is an old-fashioned little town on the southern end of the Schwarzwald plateau, and the railway that runs through it brings it apparently no nearer to the world. It breathes a spirit of remoteness and tranquillity born of the forests that encircle it, and that fill the air with pleasant odors and gentle murmurings.

There, lying snugly on a shelf in the goods-shed, we found our slender craft, paddles and boot-hook tied securely to the thwarts—and without a crack! “No duty to pay,” said the courteous official, after examining an enormous book, “and only seventeen marks for freight-charges the whole way from Oxford.” She was sixteen feet long (with a beam of thirty-four inches), and had the slim, graceful lines and deep-curved ribs of the true Rice Lake (Ontario) build. Two or three inches would float her, and yet she could ride safely at top speed over the waves of a rapid

that would have capsized a boat twice her size. Splendid little craft, she bore us faithfully and well, almost like a thing of life and intelligence, round many a ticklish corner and under more than one dangerous bridge, though this article will only outline some of our adventures in her over the first thousand miles as far as Budapest.

From the yard of the Schuetzen Inn, where she lay all night, we carried her on our shoulders below the picturesque stone bridge and launched her in a pool where the roach and dace fairly made the water dance. You could toss a stone over the river here without an effort, and when we had said farewell to the kindly villagers and steered out into mid-stream there was so little water that the stroke of the paddle laid bare the shining pebbles upon the bottom and grated along the bed.

“Happy journey!” cried the townsfolk standing on the bank in blue trousers and waving their straw hats. “And quick return,” added the hotel-keeper, who had overcharged us abominably in every possible item. We bore him little malice, however, for there were no inns or hotel-bills ahead of us; and uncommonly light-hearted were we as the canoe felt the stream move beneath her and slipped away at a good speed down the modest little river that must drop twenty-two hundred feet before it pours its immense volume through three arms into the Black Sea.

At first our progress was slow.

Patches of white weeds everywhere choked the river, and often brought us to a complete standstill, and in less than ten minutes we were aground in a shallow. We had to tuck up our trousers and wade. This was a frequent occurrence during the day, and we soon realized that the hundred and twenty-five miles to Ulm, before the tributaries commence to pour in their icy floods from the Alps, would be slow and difficult. But what of that? It was glorious summer weather; the mountain alps were intoxicating, and the scenery charming beyond words. Nowhere that day was the river more than forty yards across, or over three feet deep. The white weeds lay over the surface like thick cream, but the canoe glided smoothly over them, swishing as she passed. Her slim nose opened a pathway that her stern left gently hissing with bubbles as the leaves rose again to the surface; and behind us there was ever a little milk-white track in which the blossoms swam and danced in the sunshine as the current raced merrily along the new channel thus made for it.

Winding in and out among broad fields and acres of reeds we dropped gently down across the great plateau of the Black Forest mountains. The day was hot and clear, and overhead a few white clouds sailed with us, as it were for company's sake, down the blue reaches of the sky. Usually we coasted along the banks, the reeds touching the sides of the canoe and the wind playing over hosts of nodding flowers and fields level to our eyes with standing hay, while, in the distance, the mountain-slopes, speckled with blue shadows, were ever opening into new vistas and valleys. Here the peaceful Danube still dreams, lying in her beauty-sleep as it were, and with no hint of the racing torrent that comes later with full waking. Pretty villages appeared along the banks at in-

tervals. Pforen was the first, snugly gathered into the nook of the hills; a church, a few red-roofed houses, a wooden bridge and a castle with a fine stork staring down at us from her nest in the ruined tower. The peasants were away in the fields and we drifted lazily by without so much as a greeting. Niedingen was the second, where a huge crucifix presided over the centre of the quaint bridge, and where we landed to buy butter, potatoes and onions. Gutmadingen was the third; and here a miller and his men helped our portage over the weir while his wife stood in the hot sunshine and asked questions.

"Where are you going to?"

"The Black Sea." She had never heard of it, and evidently thought we were making fun of her. "Ulm, then," Ah! Ulm she knew. "But it's an enormous distance! And is the tent for rain?" she asked.

"No; for sleeping in at night."

"*Ach was!*" she exclaimed. "Well, I wouldn't sleep a night in that tent, or go a yard in that boat, for anything you could give me."

The miller was more appreciative. He gave us a delicious drink—a sort of mead, which was most refreshing and which, he assured us, would not affect the head in the least—and told us there were twenty-four more weirs before we reached Ulm, the beginning of navigation. But none the less he, too, had his questions to ask.

"I thought all the Englishmen had gone to the war. The papers here say that England is quite empty."

The temptation was too great to resist. "No," we said gravely, "only the big ones went to the war. [We were both over six feet.] England is still full of men of the smaller sizes like ourselves." The expression on his face lightened our work considerably for the next mile.

Soon after the river left the plateau

behind it and took a sudden leap into the Donauthal. We shot round a corner about six o'clock and came upon a little willow-island in mid-stream. Here we landed and pitched our tent on the long grass, made a fire, peeled the onions, fried our strips of beef with the potatoes, and made excellent tea. On all sides the pines crept down close into the narrowing valley. In the evening sunlight, with long shadows slanting across the hills, we smoked our pipes after our meal. There were no flies and the air was cool and sweet. Presently the moon rose over the ridge of the forest behind us and the lights of Immendingen, twinkling through the shadows, were just visible a mile below us. The night was cool and the river hurried almost silently past our tent-door. When at length we went to bed, on cork mattresses with india-rubber sheets under us and thick Austrian blankets over us, everything was soporific with dew.

The bells of Immendingen coming down the valley were the first sounds we heard as we went to bathe at seven o'clock next morning in the cold, sparkling water; and later, when we scrambled over the great Immendingen weir no villagers came to look on and say "*Engländer, Engländer*," for it was Sunday morning and they were all at mass.

The valley grew narrower and limestone cliffs shone white through the sombre forests. It was very lonely between the villages. The river, now sixty yards wide, swept in great semi-circular reaches under the very shadow of the hills; storks stood about fishing in the shallows; wild swans flew majestically in front of us—we came across several nests with eggs—and duck were plentiful everywhere. Once, in an open space on the hills, we saw a fine red fox motionless in his observation of some duck—and ourselves. Presently he trotted away into

the cover of the woods and the ducks quacked their thanks to us. Then suddenly, above Möhringen, just when we were congratulating ourselves that wading was over for good, the river dwindled away into a thin, trickling line of water that showed the shape of every single pebble in its bed. We went aground continually. Half the Danube had escaped through fissures in the ground. It comes out again, on the other side of the mountains, as the river Ach, and flows into the Lake of Constance. The river was now less in volume than when we started, clear as crystal, dancing in the sunshine, weaving like a silver thread through the valley, and making delightful music over the stones. Yet most of our journey that day was wading. Trousers were always tucked up to the knees, and we had to be ready to jump out at a moment's notice. Before the numberless little rapids the question was: "Is there enough water to float us? Can we squeeze between those rocks? Is that wave a hidden stone, or merely the current?" The steersman stood up to get a better view of the channel and avoid the sun's glare on the water, and in this way we raced down many a bit of leaping, hissing water; and, incidentally, had many a sudden shock before the end, tumbling out headlong, banging against stones and shipping water all the time. The canoe got sadly scratched, and we decided at length to risk no more of the baby-rapids. A torn canoe in the Black Forest, miles from a railway, spelt helplessness. Thereafter we waded the rapids. It was a hot and laborious process—the feet icy cold, the head burning hot, and the back always bent double. Weirs, too, became frequent, and unloading and reloading was soon reduced to a science. In the afternoon the villagers poured out to stare and look on. They rarely offered to help,

but stood round as close as possible while we unloaded, examining articles, and asking questions all the time. They had no information to give. Few of them knew anything of the river ten miles below their particular village, and none had ever been to Ulm. Now and then there was a sceptical "*Dass ist unmöglich* (that's impossible)," when we mentioned Ulm as our goal. "*Ach je! They're mad—in that boat!*"

From Donaueschingen to Ulm there is a weir in every five miles, and our progress was slow. Whenever the river grew deep we learned to know that a dam was near; and below the dam there was scarcely enough water to float an eggshell. But there was no occasion to hurry; everything was done in leisurely fashion in this great garden of Württemberg, and most of the villages were sound asleep. At Möhringen, indeed, we got the impression that the village had slept for at least a hundred years and that our bustling arrival had suddenly awakened it. It lay in a clearing of the forest, in a charming mossy bed that no doubt made sleep a delightful necessity. The miller invited us to the inn, where we found a score of peasants in their peaked hats and black suits of broad-cloth sitting each in front of a foaming tankard; and they drank so slowly that a hundred years did not seem too long to finish a tankard. There was very little conversation, and they stared unconsciously, bowing gravely when we ordered their stone mugs to be refilled and regarding us all the time with steady, expressionless interest. In due time, however, they digested us, and then the stream of inevitable questions burst forth.

"You bivouac? You go to the sea? If you ever get to Ulm! You have come the whole way from London in that shell?"

We gulped down the excellent cold beer and hurried away. The river

dwindled to a width of a dozen yards and wading was incessant. We lightened the canoe as much as possible, but, our kit having been already reduced to what seemed only strictly necessary, there was little enough to throw away—a tin plate, a tin cup, a fork, a spoon, a knife and a red cushion. These we piled up in a little mound upon the bank with a branch stuck in the ground to draw attention. I wonder who is now using those costly articles.

Another series of picturesque villages glided past us: Tuttlingen, famous (as the dirty water proclaimed) for its tanneries, and where a couple of hundred folk in their Sunday clothes watched our every movement as we climbed round two high and difficult weirs; Nendingen, where a kind and silent miller gave us of his cool mead; Mühlheim straggling half-way up the hills with its red-brown roofs and church and castle all mingled together in most picturesque confusion, as if it had slipped down from the summit and never got straight again; and Friedigen, where we laid in fresh supplies, and found two Germans who had spent years in California, and whose nasal voices sounded strangely out of place among their guttural neighbors. "Camp anywhere you please," they said, "and no one'll object to your fires so long as you put 'em out."

I forget how many more villages ending in *ingen* we passed; but now that the heat of the day, and the labor and toil of wading are forgotten, they come before me again with their still, peaceful loveliness like a string of quaint jewels strung along the silver thread of the river.

Soon the water increased and the canoe sped onwards among the little waves and rapids like a winged thing. The mountains became higher, the valley narrower. Limestone cliffs, scooped

and furrowed by the eddies of a far larger Danube thousands of years before, rose gleaming out of the pine-woods about their base. We plunged in among the Swabian Alps, and the river tumbled very fast and noisily along a rock-strewn bed. It darted across from side to side, almost as though the cliffs were tossing it across in play to each other. One moment we were in blazing sunlight, the next in deep shadow under the cliffs. There was no room for houses, and no need for bridges; boats we never saw; big, gray fish-hawks, circling buzzards, storks by the score had this part of the river all to themselves.

Suddenly we turned a sharp corner and shot at full speed into an immense cauldron. It was a perfect circle, half a mile in diameter, bound in by the limestone cliffs. The more ancient river had doubtless filled it with a terrifying whirlpool, for the rocks were strangely scooped and eaten into curves hundreds of feet above us. But now its bottom was a clean flat field, where the little stream, with its audacious song, whipped along at the very foot of the cliffs on one side of the circle.

It was a lonely, secluded spot, the very place for a camp. Though only five o'clock on a June afternoon the cliffs kept out the sunshine. We sank the canoe to soak up cracks and ease strained ribs, and soon had our tent up, and a fire burning. Then we climbed the cliffs. It was a puzzle to see how the river got in or got out. As we climbed we came across deep recesses and funnel-shaped holes, caves with spiral openings in the roof, and pillars shaped like an hour-glass. Across the gulf the ruined castle of Kallenberg stood on a point of rock that was apparently inaccessible, and when the evening star shone over its broken battlements, it might well have been a ghostly light held aloft by the shades of the robber-barons who once

lived in it. When we went to bed at ten o'clock the full moon shone upon the white cliffs with a dazzling brilliance that seemed to turn them into ice, while the deep shadows over the river made the scene strangely impressive. Only the tumbling of the water and the chirping of the crickets broke the silence. In the night we woke and thought we heard people moving round the tent, but, on going out to see, the canoe was still safe, and the white moonshine revealed no figures. It was doubtless the river talking in its sleep, or the wind wandering lost among the bushes.

At five o'clock next morning I looked out of the tent and found our cauldron full of seething mist through which the sunshine was just beginning to force a way. An hour later the tent was too hot for comfort.

All day we followed the gorge, with many a ruined castle of impregnable position looking down upon us from the cliffs. The valley widened about noon, and fields ablaze with poppies lay in the sun, while tall yellow flags fringed the widening river. In another great circle, similar in formation to that of Kallenberg, but five times as large, we found the monastery of Beuron with its eighty monks and fifty lay-brothers. We bathed and put on our celluloid collars (full dress in an outfit where weight is of supreme importance) and went up to the gates. A bearded monk, acting as door-keeper, thrust a smiling face through the wicket in answer to our summons and informed us with genuine courtesy that the monastery was not open to visitors at this time of the year.

"There are many visitors in summer, I regret," he explained.

"Visitors? How do they get here?"

"By road; they come from long distances, driving and walking."

"But we may never be here again; we are on our way to the Black Sea."

"Ah, then you will see far more wonderful things than this in your journey." He remained firm; so, by way of consolation we went to the Gasthaus Zur Zonne and enjoyed a meal—the first for a week that we had not cooked ourselves.

It was a quiet, out-of-the-world spot. Monks were everywhere working in the fields, ploughing and haymaking; and it was here I first saw sheep following a shepherd. A curious covered bridge, lined with crucifixes, crossed the river, and we took an interesting photograph of a monk in a black straw hat and gown going over it with a cloud of dust in the blazing sunshine followed by fifty sheep. There was contentment on all faces, but the place must be dreadfully lonely and desolate in winter. We bought immense loaves in the monks' bakery, and matches, cigars, sugar and meat in a *devotions-handlung* (store for religious articles)!

Sigmaringen, with its old rock-perched castle and its hundred turrets gleaming in the sun, was reached just in time to find shelter from a thunderstorm that seemed to come out of a clear sky. There was a hurricane of wind, and the rain filled the quaint old streets with dashing spray. In an hour it cleared away, and we pushed on again; but the river had meanwhile risen nearly a foot. The muddy water rushed by with turbulent eddies, and the bridges were crowded with people to see us pass. They stood in silent, dark rows, without gesture or remark, and stared. Suddenly the storm broke again with redoubled fury. Up went their umbrellas, and we heard their guttural laughter. In a few minutes we were soaked, and no doubt cut a sorry figure as we launched the canoe at the foot of the big weir and vanished into the gathering darkness. We swirled between the pillars of another bridge in sheets of rain and the outlook for a dry camp and a fire was

decidedly poor. It was after nine o'clock when we landed in despair under a clump of trees on the left bank, and found to our delight that they concealed a solitary wedge of limestone cliff, and that in this cliff there was an arch, and under the arch a quantity of dry wood. A fire was soon blazing in the strip under the arch—some three feet wide—and the tent stood beneath the dripping trees. Our waterproof sheets and cork mattresses kept us dry, though all night the rain poured down, while outside we could hear the swollen river rushing past with a seething roar.

Next day the rapids began in earnest. Rapids are to canoers what fences are to fox-hunters. The first wave curls over in front of the canoe, there is a hiss and a bump, a slap of wet spray in the face, and then the canoe leaps under you and rushes headlong. At Riedlingen, while carrying the canoe across a slippery weir, we fell, boat and all, into the deep hole below the fall, luckily with no worse result than a wetting, for our kit was safely piled upon the bank. At Dietfurt we went into an apparently deserted village to buy milk, but the moment we entered the street it became alive. From every door poured men and women gaping, and the moment they spied the little yellow canoe upon the shore they rushed down in a flock shouting "*E' schiff! E' schiff!*" But, if they ran fast, we ran faster, and were off before the terrible onslaught of questions had begun. The milk was a mere detail.

At Gutenstein, where we camped in a hay-field, the mowers woke us at dawn, peering into the mouth of the tent. But they made no objections, and merely said "*Gruss Gott*" and "*Gute Reise*," and for an hour afterwards I heard their scythes musically in my dreams as they cut a pathway for us to the river.

At Obermarchsthal we left the moun-

tains behind us, and with them, too, the memory of a pathetic figure. As we landed to go up to the little inn for eggs, an old man, leaning on a stick, hobbled down to meet us. His white hair escaped in disorder from beneath a peaked blue hat, and he wore a suit of a curious checked pattern which seemed wholly out of keeping with the dress of the country. At first, when he spoke, I could not understand him, and asked him in German to repeat his remarks.

"He's talking English," said my companion. "Can't you hear?" And English it was. He invited us up to the inn and told us his story over a mug of beer.

"This is my native village. I was born and raised here, and sixty years ago I ran away from Germany to escape military service. I went to the United States and settled finally in Alabama. I had a shop in Mobile, down South in a nigger town, and as soon as I was ready I wrote to the girl I left here to come out to me. She came and we were married. I've had two wives since out there. Now they're all buried in a little churchyard outside Mobile. And this is the first time I've been back in sixty years," he went on after a gulp of beer. "The village ain't changed one single bit. I feel as though I'd been sleepin' and sorter dreamin' all the while. . . . The shop's sold and I'm takin' a last look round at the ole place. There's only one or two that remembers me, but I was born and raised here, and this is where I had my first love and the place is full of memories, just chock full. No, I ain't a-goin' to live here. I'm goin' back to the States nex' month, so as I can die there and lie beside the others in the cemetery at Mobile."

The country became flatter, and the mountains were soon a blue line on the horizon behind us. At Oppingen

we crossed our last weir, and among the clouds in front of us saw the spire of Ulm cathedral, the tallest in the world. A fierce current swept us past banks fringed with myrtle bushes, popples and yellow flags. Poplars rose in lines over the country, bending their heads in the wind, and we camped at eight o'clock in a wood about a mile above the town. While dinner was cooking a dog rushed barking up to us followed by three men with guns. They were evidently German Jäger. Two of them were dressed like pattern plates out of a tailor's guide to sportsmen—in spotless gaiters, pointed hats with feathers (like stage Tyrolese), guns with the latest slings, and silver whistles slung on colored cord round their necks. They examined the canoe first, and then came up and examined us. One of them, who was probably the proprietor of the land, a surly gruff fellow, had evidently made up his mind that we were poachers. And I must admit that at first sight there was ground for suspicion, for no poacher could possibly have found fault with our appearance.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Preparing to camp for the night," we told him.

"When are you going on?"

"We intend to go into Ulm in the morning."

"Where do you come from; are you Englishmen?"

"Yes; we come from London."

"Ach was!" (they all say *Ach was* when they want to be witheringly scornful). "In that egg-shell?"

"Certainly."

"And where are you going to?"

"Odessa."

They exchanged glances. "Evidently madmen, and not poachers," said the face of the man with the biggest silver whistle plainer than any words could have spoken it. "Do you

know these are private preserves?" was the next question.

"No." My friend, a keen sportsman, sheltered himself scowling behind his alleged ignorance of German (somehow he always knew our conversation afterwards to a word); but the penny whistle and the immaculate costume of the hunters in a scrubby wood where not even a rabbit lived, excited him to explosions of laughter which he concealed by frequent journeys to the tent.

"What's in that tent?"

"Beds." The *chasseurs* and the keeper went to examine, while the dog sniffed about everywhere. Our beds were not then untied, and the sportsmen untied them; but they found only blankets and cork mattresses.

"You have no guns, or dogs, or fishing-rods?" We shook our heads sulkily. "And you are only travelling peacefully for pleasure?"

"We are trying to," we said meekly.

"Then you may sleep here if you go on again to-morrow; but don't go into the woods after game." Then the men moved off. Doubtless they were right to ask questions, yet we were so obviously travellers. "Still, our weather-worn appearance and unshaved faces probably made us look more than a little doubtful," quoth my friend, who himself wore a slouch hat that did not add to the candor of his expression.

In the middle of dinner the men suddenly returned from another angle of the wood and examined everything afresh. We offered them some tea in a tin cup which they declined; and at last, after watching us at our meal in silence for ten minutes they moved off, evidently still suspicious. Thereafter we always knew them as the *chasseurs*. They were not the only pests, however. Mosquitoes appeared later—our first—and that night we slept behind the mosquito-netting we had so carefully fitted to the mouth of the tent when we first erected it weeks

before in the garden of a London square. During the night some one prowled about the tent. We heard twigs snapping and the footsteps among the bushes; but neither of us troubled ourselves to get up. If they took the canoe, they'd be drowned; and our other only valuables (a celluloid collar apiece, a clean suit for the big towns and a map) were safely inside the tent.

In the morning we shaved, and washed carefully and put on our full dress for the benefit of Ulm. We intended to paddle down quietly and stop at the Rowing Club wharf of which we had read; according to the map, it was a mile, and the current easy and pleasant. We wished our entrance to be sober and in good taste.

The best-laid plans, however, will sometimes go amiss when you're canoeing on the Danube. We were half way when we heard a roar like a train rushing over a hollow bridge. It grew louder every minute. In front of us the water danced and leaped, and before we knew what had happened we were plunging about among foaming waves and flying past the banks at something more than ten miles an hour.

"It's the Iller," cried my friend as the paddle was nearly wrested from his grasp. "It's marked on the map just about here."

It was the Iller. It had come in at an acute angle after running almost parallel with us for a little distance. It tumbled in at headlong speed, with an icy, turbulent flood of muddy water, and it gave the sedate Danube an impetus that it did not lose for another hundred miles below Ulm. For a space the two rivers declined to mingle. The nolsy, dirty Iller, fresh from the Alps, kept to the right bank, going twice as fast as its more dignified companion on the left. A distinct line (as though drawn by a rope) divided them,

in color, speed and height—the Iller remaining for a long time at least half an inch above the level of the Danube. At length they mingled more freely and swept us down upon Ulm in a torrent of rough, racing water. Our leisurely, dignified entrance into Ulm was, like the suspicions of the *chasseurs*, a structure built on insufficient knowledge, a mere dream. Ulm lies on a curve of the river. Big bridges with nasty, thick pillars (and whirlpools, therefore, behind them) stand at both entrance and exit. How we raced under the first bridge I shall never forget. We were half way through the town, with the wet spray still on our cheeks, before the sound of the gurgling eddies below the bridge had ceased behind us. Where, oh,

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where was the friendly wharf of that Danube Rowing Club? The second bridge rose before us. There were crested waves under its arches. Already Ulm was almost a thing of the past; yet we had hoped to spend at least a week exploring its beauties.

"There it is," cried my friend in the bows, "on the left bank! That old board—see it? That's the wharf."

We managed to turn in mid-current and point the canoe up-stream. Then, by paddling as hard as we could, we dropped down past the wharf at a pace that just enabled us to grasp the rings in the boards and come to a standstill. You'll never forget Ulm if you arrive there as we did, in a canoe, when the Iller is in flood.

Algernon Blackwood.

(To be concluded.)

BISHOP WESTCOTT.*

A person looking on quite from the outside would not find it easy to state the qualifications required by the Church of England in its bishops, or to account for the mode in which they are appointed. Of late years the tendency has grown to look for the rulers of the Church in the ranks of the parish clergy; but there have been times when almost any other qualification was taken into account—learning, birth, political convictions, experience in teaching boys, but not experience in dealing with the clergy or with the problems which arise in their daily parochial life. On the whole, though the whole process has probably come into being on the basis of a strongly secular view of

the Church, it has worked well. The men have risen to the work, and the result is that the line of English bishops is adorned with the names of men who have not only served the Church well in their high office, but have brought to it powers elaborately trained in other walks of life.

On the whole, perhaps, the impartial outsider would be least likely to regard profound learning as giving any promise of vigorous and successful administrative power. For the outsider is apt, not altogether without reason, to distrust the learned. They are liable to say things of which he does not catch the meaning, to be dissatisfied with his rough generalizations, and to make criticisms which seem to him dreamy and unpractical. Moreover, he does not see what use learning will be in the work of a Bishop; he is con-

* "Lessons from Work." By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Durham. (London, 1901.) And other works.

tent that any one who likes should acquire it, but he cannot see that there will be any occasion for it in the course of a Bishop's life. The strength of the plain man's case lies, of course, in the series of so-called Greek-play Bishops; men who owed their elevation to their scholarship, and never became anything else but scholars, or found it possible to turn their intellectual skill to the solution of practical problems.

The See of Durham has enjoyed for the last twenty years, the rule of two scholars who were summoned straight from the work of the University of Cambridge to their exalted and difficult post. Both were already famous in the world of scholarship; neither had had any direct experience of parochial life. Yet both were successful as diocesans, not in spite of, but because of their learning. They brought to the work of the See powers which only the discipline of learning can produce. There have been many great administrators among our Bishops, and many men of high spiritual power, but Lightfoot and Westcott stand alone. Their learning enabled them, in their several ways, to deal comprehensively with the problems of an age of increasing specialization. Lightfoot's wide knowledge of the life of the Church in various ages enabled him to see the signs of his own day, to answer its questions, and produce the organization it required.¹ Westcott's vast and various knowledge helped him to put out in act his conviction of the unity of all in Christ, which gave him so much power with different classes. Both were signal instances of the power and value of learning when applied in the practical sphere.

That this should have been so was, perhaps, more legitimately surprising in the case of Bishop Westcott than of

his younger predecessor. The line of his thought and the special character was not such as to suggest—at any rate to those who knew him through his printed works only—the promise of successful administration. The truth is, as we hope to make plain in the present article, that those who had fears of his competence for the task set before him were in error, mainly through ignorance of the man behind the books. The Bishop himself would have admitted that he had learned much from his years at Durham, but the new learning was continuous and consistent with the old.

The relevant facts of Bishop Westcott's life are soon told. He was born at Birmingham in 1825, was educated at King Edward VIth's School in that city, passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1844, graduated in 1848, was elected Fellow of Trinity in 1849. He did not reside long on his Fellowship, but became an assistant master at Harrow in 1851. From 1868-1883 he was Canon of Peterborough; from 1884 till his elevation to Durham he was Canon of Westminster; and from 1870-1890 he was also Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. These are the bare facts of the quiet career of a scholar; they form the setting of a singularly vigorous and active spiritual and intellectual life. It is always difficult with Bishop Westcott to get to the beginning of things; his mind seems to have suffered curiously little change in its main positions. Probably the strongest influence of all upon him was that of Prince Lee, the Head Master of the School at Birmingham. In his speech at Birmingham in 1896 the Bishop described his old headmaster's teaching, emphasizing the vivid way in which ancient history was made to live again, the "eloquent discourses on problems of life and thought suggested by some favorite passage of Butler's 'Analogy,' the depths which he

¹ Cf. his speeches at the Lambeth Congress, 1888.

opened to us in the unfathomable fulness of Apostolic words."²

When the Bishop spoke thus he was past the age of seventy, and had spent many years in incessant intellectual labor; it is conceivable, therefore, that he may have reviewed his school-life through the experience of a lifetime, and that his memories may have been colored by it. The vivid realization of ancient history, a profound interest in the great problems of life and thought, a sense of the unfathomable fulness of Apostolic words, have been throughout the most marked features of his own mental character, and one cannot but feel that Lee's teaching must have fallen on singularly receptive soil. But even if we allow something to the idealizing power of memory, it remains that we have here a glimpse of a very great teacher, a man who strove to raise his boys to his own level, and did not try to dwarf himself to theirs, who trusted to their possessing glimmerings, at least, of interest in life and thought, and some extra-athletic sympathies.

The result was that when Westcott went to Cambridge he had a real sense of the purpose for which he had come; he had visions and ideals, an object towards which he could work.³ He was, doubtless, exceptionally gifted, and it may be that he was serious beyond the usual level of his years. But it is difficult to avoid contrasting this history of him with the effects of some modern types of educational product. There are very few, comparatively speaking, one is inclined to say, who come to the University with any particular object in view. They are sent there; most people go when they leave school; but they do not know "what they are going to be," and will leave that question to be settled till they have got their degree. Lee had his

failures, no doubt; there must have been many who could never have responded to his teaching. But it is easy to see how much Westcott owed to a man who invited him to a share in his own lofty interests, with what pinched and starved resources he would have passed to Cambridge if the chief representative of learning within his horizon had aped the opinions of the least intelligent of his companions.

From the first there could have been no doubt as to the general line of Westcott's future life. His high academic distinctions made it obvious that he should succeed to a Fellowship at his College, and follow the course to which that is an opening. It is on record that Bishop Lightfoot, when he, a few years later, was elected a Fellow of Trinity, was attracted by the Greek classics, and projected an edition of *Æschylus*. We are not aware that Westcott had any hesitation as to the line of study he was to pursue, though the essays on Virgil, *Æschylus* and Euripides in "Religious Thought in the West" show with what care and insight he had read the classics. From the first he devoted his powers to those branches of learning which lie round Theology.

It was a time when recruits were sadly needed for this work. The negative theology of the Tübingen school was making its way in England, and Dr. Pusey, who had foreseen its progress and felt the danger of it, was under the cloud which Newman's secession had brought over all who thought with him, nor had he the type of mind which was needed for the contest. It was a time when to have wavered and deliberated might have meant loss of the opportunity. And Westcott does not seem ever to have wavered. Firm in his conviction that the highest truth he knew in religion would only become

² "Christian Aspects of Life," p. 186.

³ "Lessons from Work," p. 299.

more vividly certain the more carefully its connection with historical and critical evidence was investigated, he started with his friends on the series of books to which all Christians owe so much. There are few more remarkable documents than the letters (published in the "Life and Letters of Dr. F. J. A. Hort") interchanged between the three friends when they are projecting their "Commentary on the New Testament." There is no idea of constructing an apology for the faith, but it is clear that Hort was somewhat nervous at first—anxious to have it clearly in black and white that the investigation to be begun was quite free, and that no consequences were to be expected except those which arose from the facts discovered. And Westcott eagerly accepts this condition; if he differs from Hort it is only in being rather more sanguine as to the result.⁴ Of the three, Westcott achieved far the most of the original plan. Lightfoot published his editions of four Epistles of St. Paul, and then turned to what he calls "repairing a breach not indeed in the House of the Lord itself, but in the immediately outlying buildings." Hort's contribution never extended beyond the "Fragment on S. Peter" published after his death. In Westcott's case the original purpose branched out into three different series of works. In the first place, we have the works on the "Origin of the Gospels" and "History of the New Testament Canon." The former of these rose out of a prize essay with which the author won the Norrisian prize in 1851; the other is an historical work stating the evidence for the authenticity of the various books of the New Testament. The theory presented in the "Introduction to the Study of the Gospels" as to their origin is certainly

not the one most in vogue now. The notion of an oral basis underlying the various presentations in the three Synoptic Gospels has given way to that of one or two earlier documents upon which our present Gospels rest. It may be doubted whether either theory is adequate to solve a problem of such unparalleled complexity; indeed, whether either is more than a formula attempting to co-ordinate the facts. The oral traditions have to take on something of the fixity of written documents in order to account for the agreements in the Gospels; and, again, their differences imply a freedom of modification from various sources on the part of the editors, which comes to look like oral tradition. But whatever be the value of the theory put forward there is no question that the facts collected in the book are presented with the author's characteristic accuracy and exhaustiveness. The work on the "Canon" dealt less with theory and was more exclusively occupied in the collection of references. Hence its value is less affected by the passage of time. The author was familiar with all that had been written on the subject at the time when he wrote, and had searched diligently and scientifically through the early writers of the Church for indications of the use of the various books. This part of his work is not likely to be superseded. New evidence will come in, and this may alter the significance of parts of the old; but the book stands so far as it goes. The first edition was published in 1855, and was followed by several others; but, though some notice was taken of the strictures of the anonymous author of "Supernatural Religion," the author did not pursue the subject into all its ramifications. It remains a text-book of first-rate value;

⁴ "Life and Letters of Dr. F. J. A. Hort," vol. 1, pp. 417 foll.

⁵ Pref. to Edition of "Ignatius," p. xii, ed. 1.

It does not come into comparison with works like Zahn's "History" or Harnack's "Chronologie."

A second line of study, apart from the work of the Commentaries, was that upon the text of the New Testament, pursued in conjunction with Dr. Hort. The two friends found themselves impeded in their progress by the inferiority of the text of the New Testament as it appeared in the current editions; and so they determined to construct a manual text, based upon the free investigation of MS. authority only, for their own use primarily, but with some hope that it might prove to be of some use also to others. The task was a more extensive one than they anticipated, and the text did not see the light till 1881, when it appeared with an accompanying volume containing Dr. Hort's famous Introduction. In the meantime, earlier drafts of it had been placed by the two scholars in the hands of the Revisers, and as a result the Revised Version bears indelible marks of their textual theory; some will regret that these marks are not more numerous. The text resulted from the independent labors of the two scholars. Westcott was at Harrow in the earlier years of the work, then at Peterborough or Cambridge; and Hort was mainly at his parish of St. Ippolyt's. Their discussions were carried on by correspondence, which, we believe, still exists. It is greatly to be hoped that some of the letters may see the light; it could not fail to be both interesting and instructive to note the process by which two such men reached agreement, or agreed to differ. The appearance of the text caused great discussion, as well it might, for the changes of it from the traditional text are numerous, and, in many cases, startling. But of all charges that could be brought against it, the most curiously irrelevant was that of Dean Burgon, who stigmatized it as the result of im-

agination. It was based upon the most exact statement of the facts accessible at the time; and the theoretical element in the construction and defence of it was the simplest application of common sense to the classification or interpretation of varieties of reading. The real objection to it was a deeper one than this; that the authors would not allow that the prevalence of a particular type of text from the fourth century onwards gave it any exceptional claim to authority, while Dean Burgon regarded this traditional text as inspired. Over such a difference as this there is no bridge. Recent investigations are said to have modified the situation in regard to the textual theory. New facts have come to light which will involve a different judgment upon some points, especially in connection with the Western text. But the principles upon which the authors based their text are not imperilled by such discoveries. Any change that is made will be an advance from their position, not a going back to older theories. They did not claim to have discovered all the facts in existence; but they claimed to have dealt fairly and scientifically with those at their command, and this claim has been generally granted them by scholars.

So we come at last to the Commentaries which were originally assigned to Westcott, when the three friends made their scheme of work. These were the works of St. John—exclusive of the Apocalypse—and the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is needless to say that this task was approached in the light of the other studies of which we have spoken. All that falls under the head of "Introduction" was carefully and completely set forth. Where critical questions arise, as they do notably in the case of St. John's Gospel, the arguments on opposite sides are candidly and clearly given. But in a very characteristic way. The Bishop presents

us with a finished result, and does not always let us follow him through the process of establishing it. Thus we do not find at the beginning of his Commentaries any elaborate account of the views of various critics such as is common in German editions. The slight or extensive distinctions between writers on one side or another—which seem to have so great a charm for German commentators—are of no interest, apparently, to Westcott. If here and there among all the crowd of writers one has produced some original contribution of importance, that is discussed; and so the reader learns incidentally that Dr. Westcott is familiar with the whole ground. But he has clearly digested the whole controversy before he begins to write, and has reduced it to manageable form. Such a method has its dangers, no doubt; and there is certainly room for the more cumbrous plan. But one cannot help the feeling that the mere question of the authorship of a book is, after all, a comparatively simple one, and that a limited number of considerations is really relevant. Schemes of composite authorship, which are the source of so much of the variety of theory among critics, are often only half-way houses between the direct Yes or No, and have little probability in their favor.

When we pass from the Introduction to the Exegesis we find characteristics which have been the subject of much criticism. Dr. Westcott inherited from Lee a profound belief in the value of exact verbal criticism. The following passage from a speech already quoted* might have been used of the Bishop himself:—

Mr. Lee had an intense belief in the exact force of language. A word, as

he regarded it, had its own peculiar history and delivered its own precise message. A structural form conveyed for him a definite idea. In translating we were bound to see that every syllable gave its testimony.

This principle was the one which ruled the Bishop's interpretation of Holy Scripture. He did not make the mistake of supposing that there was no difference between Classical and Hellenistic Greek; but he maintained that each had its own exactness; that in neither were words or tenses used indiscriminately; and that there was no excuse for neglecting any minute detail that could possibly be induced to yield a meaning.[†] Nor was he perturbed if it were argued that the author could not have had in mind all that his interpreter extracted from his words.

Some, perhaps, will think that in the interpretation of the text undue stress is laid upon details of expression; that it is unreasonable to insist upon points of order, upon variations of tenses and words, upon subtleties of composition, upon indications of meaning conveyed by minute variations of language in a book written for popular use in a dialect largely affected by foreign elements. The work of forty years has brought to me the surest conviction that such criticism is wholly at fault. Every day's study of the Apostolic writings confirms me in the belief that we do not commonly attend with sufficient care to their exact meaning. The Greek of the New Testament is not, indeed, the Greek of the classical writers, but it is not less precise or less powerful. I should not, of course, maintain that the fulness of meaning which can be recognized in the phrases of a book like the Epistle to the Hebrews was consciously apprehended by the author, though he seems to have used the resources of literary art with

* "Christian Aspects of Life," p. 191.

† The present writer well remembers the Bishop's horror on discovering in a book much belauded of reviewers—Blam's "New Testament

Greek"—the statement that St. Luke used a particular tense because he liked rolling, loud-sounding words.

more distinct design than any other of the Apostles; but clearness of spiritual vision brings with it a corresponding precision and force of expression through which the patient interpreter can attain little by little to that which the prophet saw. No one can limit the teaching of a poet's words to that which was definitely present to his mind. Still less can we suppose that he who is inspired to give a message of God to all ages sees himself the completeness of the truth which all life serves to illuminate.*

In these words, in the Preface to the last of his great Commentaries—the book which completed the program of 1853—the Bishop states his creed as a scholar. It is easier to smile at it than to criticize it seriously. After all, a man writing in his own language uses unerringly and by the instinct of the language certain forms. The tongue is familiar to him, and he talks or writes readily without conscious deliberation. But an interpreter in another tongue must laboriously reconstruct all that was instinctive and habitual in the writer; he will find out the precise use of words and the value of tenses, not by practice in speech like the writer, but by collection of instances and induction—laboriously. His comments will look labored and pedantic when compared with the free movement of the text, but from the mere psychological point of view they may be necessary, much more if the subject of the book lies in the spiritual world, where much that the spiritual eye discerns escapes from the trammels of words. If these things are true it is not pedantry to deal minutely with the words; it is just the scientific plan of using for each subject the proper method.

There is, therefore, very little difficulty in understanding the method and the result of Dr. Westcott's exegesis.

* "Ep. to the Hebrews," Pref. p. vi.

His notes are very brief; in very rare cases are they complicated by the discussion of rival views; and there is a considerable certainty about them when once the principle on which they are made is conceded. Those who do not accept the premiss will be inclined to reject its application; but there is no doubt about the method employed. It is when we go further, and ask what type of theological teaching did the Bishop draw from his study of Holy Scripture, that some difficulty begins; for we have, at this point, to consider the charge of obscurity frequently alleged against the Bishop's thought in his lifetime, and recently reiterated in two articles contributed by Dr. Sanday to the "Pilot" (September 7 and 14, 1901).

What was the Bishop's theology, and what was his philosophy? To answer these questions even approximately, it will be necessary to recall, as far as we are able, the conditions of his education and development. It would seem probable, though we have only inferential reasons for saying so, that the Bishop was brought up in Evangelical circles; he must have started upon his theological development with Evangelical ideas. By these are commonly meant a very firm sense of the individual's right of access to God, and a strong conviction of the necessity of conversion and of the Atonement of Christ. In many Evangelicals these ideas are developed in direct opposition to others. The right of individual access is held to dispense with the necessity of an organized body—a visible Church; the attainment of conversion seems to exhaust the demands of God upon the Christian soul; the death of Christ upon the Cross is dwelt upon to the exclusion of the wider aspects of the Incarnation. There are various reasons why this limited Evangelicalism could not retain his allegiance. As a boy, so he has told us, his attention

was drawn to the corporate aspect of human life by the speeches of the Chartist leaders; and he seems to have learnt very early the emptiness of the individual apart from the society. Nor could so accurate a student of Scripture fail to notice that, while the limited Evangelical view of things derived great support from certain isolated texts, the whole drift of the New Testament rests all man's hopes on the Twofold Nature of Christ, so that it is on His being really both God and man that the efficacy of His sacrificial act depends.

These two doctrines—the Incarnation of the Son of God and the existence and necessity of a visible Church—were prominently defended by the Tractarians. But Dr. Westcott could never have been a Tractarian. He was an independent scholar, not a follower of a Movement; and, with all their learning, there was a sad deficiency in critical power among the Tractarian leaders. Moreover, Newman and those of his way of thinking were trained in speculative thought rather than in scholarship, and it would seem that this way of attaining results was viewed at Cambridge with profound distrust. The letters preserved in Dr. Hort's Life seem to show a sympathy with the school of Stanley and Jowett; but again there was not to be found among these scholarship of the Cambridge type, and such thinkers sat far too loosely to fundamental dogmas to approve themselves to men like Westcott and his friends.

There is thus no intelligible party designation that can be affixed to the Bishop. He was neither High, nor Low, nor Broad; but he worked out for himself a theology of his own, based upon exact and scientific exegesis. And,

therefore, people who read his works are apt to be puzzled. They find premisses asserted from which they are accustomed to draw certain conclusions. Instead of that, they are shut off from the conclusions they would like to draw by some note on the exact meaning of a word, or a tense, or a phrase. And then they do not quite know where they are.⁹

Something of the same sort may be said of Dr. Westcott's philosophy. He had been inspired, as we have seen, by Prince Lee with an interest in the problems of life and thought, but it seems very doubtful whether he had received any special training in philosophy. At Cambridge he attained high distinction in mathematics, and must necessarily have studied Plato. But the technical language of philosophy is largely absent from his works. That comprehensive view of things which is called the philosophical view seems to have been reached by him as a result of reflection upon his own wide range of learning, and not by the study of the works of philosophers. He never, indeed, had any special training in philosophy, technically so called, but shortly after he took his degree he spent a long vacation in reading the works of the great Positivist writer, Comte, and always looked back to that as an epoch in his intellectual progress. It would account for the absence of anything like metaphysical or technical philosophic expressions, and for the wide and manifold grasp of human nature and the created world which form one of the bases of his religious thought. His discussion of the nature and limits of law in regard to miracles¹⁰ sounds like Kant; but the Bishop was assuredly not a Kantian. "A law of nature," he tells us, "can mean nothing

⁹ Cf., as an illustration of this, the Bishop's treatment of St. John vi in relation to the Eucharist and his notes on the Intercession of our Lord in the "Ep. to the Hebrews."

¹⁰ "Gospel of Resurrection," ch. 1.

else than the law of the human apprehension of phenomena. We are forced to regard things under conditions of time and space and the like, and the consequence is that phenomena are grouped together according to certain rules."¹¹ Here one might have looked for some explanation of the relation of phenomena to the reality underlying them; but none is offered. In philosophical matters as in matters of scholarship, the Bishop is primarily an observer. He notes differences in the nature of the facts which make up our experience; he shows that different methods are necessary for the approach to various forms of truth; but we get from him no scholastic scheme of things—articulate and complete—and scarcely any technical language. For he is more of a mystic than a philosopher; he sees principles and reports what he sees. Though he speaks of them in abstract terms, they are always present to his mind in the concrete.

It is now time to approach the two questions: What was Dr. Westcott's Theology, and what was his Philosophy? The key to both is to be found in the doctrine of the Incarnation. To the Bishop's mind—and in this respect he thought with the greatest of the Greek Fathers—the Incarnation was more than an expedient devised to meet the difficulty caused by sin; it was part of the order of Divine Providence, its special character only being affected by the presence of sin in the world. Hence it was an event of which the significance was most profound and far-reaching. It was essentially a reconciliation of opposites. Before it there was an unbridged gulf between the finite and the infinite. Man, the finite spirit, limited by the flesh and the conditions of his earthly life, longed for but could not reach to God.

Through the Incarnation—that is, by the entry of the Divine upon the conditions of humanity—this longing was satisfied; through Christ the fundamental religious impulse of man was fulfilled. Christ revealed the Father. He gave strength and directness and assurance to the weak, vague and indecisive aspirations of man; the best of men among the heathen had thought of one God; the belief in one God was the basal dogma of Judaism. Christ, without disturbing the monotheism, revealed the Father and promised the Spirit. He spoke in human language and lived a human life, and therefore His message was intelligible. And this message must have come in any case; it was part of man's true heritage; *vita hominis visio Dei*.

Thus the Bishop approached the Incarnation, if we may so say, from the cosmic side. He thought of the Word of God become—not made—flesh; of the image of the invisible God in Whom all things had their system revealed in the world of experience. And this affected all his inferences from the Incarnation as a principle of thought. His natural form of expression for those in whom the purpose of Christ's coming was fulfilled was not "the saved," but those "who abide in Christ," who are "in Christ." With his strong sense that the Incarnation affected all nature and had a meaning for nature in all its stages, he held strongly to a belief in the value and dignity of all the lower forms of life, and the symbolic significance of all true art; and had only horror of great artistic power—such as that of Aristophanes—that was not actuated by moral purpose.¹² So, again, the thought of Christ as the typical Man—the Son of Man—led on to his socialism. This was not an accident of political opinion, but a real outcome of his re-

¹¹ "Gospel of Resurrection," p. 25.

¹² "I dare not read Aristophanes," he said; "he

terrifies me. Such power and such recklessness!"

ligious point of view; his strong conviction of the unity of all men in Christ made him long for some practical exposition of the idea.

Those who think most of the Incarnation from the cosmic side have a certain temptation before them in regard to evil. They are pre-disposed—like the great Alexandrines—to minimize it, to treat it as an element in an imperfect state of things which would work itself out almost by the inherent necessity of God's ordering of the world. So also the accompaniments of evil—death, pain and the like—tend to receive somewhat imperfect appreciation. It may, perhaps, be maintained that on these points the Bishop was not wholly consistent. He maintained the reality of evil,¹³ but with his wonderfully ethereal and heavenward view of life he had a peculiar confidence in regard to it. Sin was not to him the blazing offence that it seems in the eyes of some; he marvelled at it, and trusted that wider knowledge and deeper insight would clear away it and the temptation to it. In the same way, though he spoke freely and believed devoutly in the efficacy of the Death of Christ, yet the Cross always appeared to him as a Victory. He could not endure representations of the Crucifixion which in any way laid emphasis on the physical side of the death, and his main ground for praising Francia's representation of the dead Christ was that "the Body is not dead."¹⁴

All these lines of thought are obscure in themselves, or, at least, are very difficult and not very common. And they did not gain in clearness from the Bishop's method of exposition. In the sermons and other works which were not directly exegetical he expounded his philosophy and his theology. And

he did so in a peculiar way. He produced no connected or reasoned scheme in either region; but he put forward thoughts and, as it were, meditated aloud upon them, never repeating himself or putting a difficult idea in more shapes than one, but presenting his thought in a variety of aspects and leaving the reader or hearer to connect them into a whole. No doubt this made a serious demand upon persons who had the knowledge to understand and appreciate the principles of his thought, and still more upon those who had not such knowledge. But we do not think he was naturally obscure or a confused thinker, as Dr. Sanday rather seems to imply;¹⁵ though it is certain that he had a great horror of definiteness where definiteness meant loss of variety and fulness of thought, and he was fond of repeating the utterance of the painter Haydon, "There are no outlines in Nature."¹⁶

We have left ourselves but little room to speak of Dr. Westcott's work as Bishop of Durham, although his eleven years as ruler of that great See were, perhaps, the most splendid in his whole life. He came to a diocese that was already fully and firmly organized, and thus the problems which confronted him were very different from those which Dr. Lightfoot had to meet. And it is well that the two great Bishops came to Durham in this order. For Bishop Westcott's interests and habits of mind did not lead him in the direction of organization; his disposition was to leave men very largely to themselves, and he was tempted to ignore the facts, often the undesirable and regrettable facts, of actual life. It cost him, for instance, some trouble to realize that the legal boundaries of parishes in large towns were treated by the inhabitants as entirely conventional

¹³ "Gospel of Resurrection," p. 23 sqq.

¹⁴ "Lessons from Work," p. 448.

¹⁵ "Pilot," September, 14, 1901.

¹⁶ "Christian Aspects of Life," p. 193.

and that few recognized the claim of their parish or district church as binding. But he had many gifts that enabled him to win his way to the hearts of the people and the clergy. He had an extraordinarily wide and unprejudiced interest in the pursuits and thoughts of men. He was prepared to listen to what people said and to consider schemes they had in view, not as matters of curious pathological interest, but with real sympathy and openness of mind. He might not be persuaded, but no one could doubt his readiness to listen and to understand. So in his successful work with the coal-strike in 1892, it was not his Socialistic sympathies which won his victory, but it was the fact that he had made a real effort to know the causes of the quarrel, as well as the fact that he could put before the combatants a lofty ideal of conduct. Either of these alone might have failed.

And he had the gift of inspiring and winning the confidence of his clergy. There has rarely been in any Diocese such an enthusiasm for mission-work as in Durham during his Episcopate. And in times when most Bishops were agitated by ritual problems his Diocese has remained at peace. This was not because the people or clergy are all of one color in Durham, but because they trusted and revered their Bishop. Of course he had vast learning. The boldest reader of the correspondence columns of Church newspapers would not venture to stand up against him on points of scholarship or even of ritual history. But it was not only learning that gave him his power. It

was because every one knew that he was not the Bishop of any party but recognized his relations to all parties in the Church. We have already said that he was probably inclined by education to the Evangelical point of view, but High Churchmen worked gladly with him, because they knew that he gave them credit for what they did in the light of their own convictions, and was scrupulously fair in all his interpretations of law.

Much of all this came naturally to him because he was learned, because he had, for years, been accustomed to weigh accurately problems requiring research, and wisdom, and freedom from prejudice. And more still depended upon that which people gradually came to know of him, his simple and saintly life, his ready sympathy, his unmistakable pleasure in seeing and trying to help those who came to him at Auckland. But of this it is not the place to speak. Left the last of the four great companions, there has gone with him the last, or almost the last, example of the best learning of the last century, and it seems sometimes as if the union of great learning with the vocation of the priesthood had ceased to be a natural product of the Universities of which the Bishop thought so highly. But if it is hard to see who will carry on his peculiar work it would be unfaithfulness to his teaching to dream that it will not be carried on. The last words the present writer heard from him were these—"I am full of hope."

ART AND USEFULNESS.

I.

Time was when everybody that made anything made a work of art besides a useful piece of goods, and it gave them pleasure to make it.—William Morris, Address delivered at Burslem, 1881.

Among the original capitals removed from the outer colonnade of the ducal palace at Venice there is a series devoted to the teaching of natural history, and another to that of such general facts about the races of man, his various moral attributes and activities, as the Venetians of the fourteenth century considered especially important. First, botany, illustrated by the fruits most commonly in use, piled up in baskets which constitute the funnel-shaped capital; each kind separate, with the name underneath in funny Venetian spelling; *Huva*, grapes; *Fici*, figs; *Moloni*, melons; *Zuche*, pumpkins; and *Persici*, peaches. Then, with Latin names, the various animals: *Ursus*, holding a honeycomb with bees on it; *Chanis*, mumbling only a large bone, while his cousins, wolf and fox, have secured a duck and a cock; *Aper*, the wild boar, munching a head of millet or similar grain.

Now, had these beautiful carvings been made with no aim besides their own beauty, had they represented and taught nothing, they would have received only a few casual glances, quite insufficient to make their excellence familiar or even apparent; at best the occasional discriminative examination of some art student; while the pleased, spontaneous attentiveness which carries beauty deep into the soul and the soul's storehouse would have been lacking. But consider these capitals

to have been what they undoubtedly were meant for; the picture books and manuals off which young folks learned, and older persons refreshed, their notions of natural history, of geography, ethnology and even of morals, and you will realize at once how much attention, and of how constant and assimilative a kind they must have received. The child learns off them that figs (which he never sees save packed in baskets in the barges at Rialto) have leaves like funny gloves, while *huva*, grapes, have leaves all ribbed and looking like tattered banners; that the bear is blunt-featured and eats honeycomb; that foxes and wolves, who live on the mainland, are very like the dogs we keep in Venice, but that they steal poultry instead of being given bones from the kitchen. Also that there are in the world, beside these clean-shaved Venetians in armor or doge's cap, bearded Asiatics and thick-lipped negroes—the sort of people with whom uncle and cousins traffic in the big ships, or among whom grandfather helped the Doge to raise the standard of St. Mark. Also that carpenters work with planes and vises, and stonemasons with mallets and chisels; and that good and wise men are remembered forever; for here is the story of how Solomon discovered the true mother, and here again the Emperor Trajan going to the wars, and reigning in his horse to do justice first to the poor widow. The child looks at the capitals in order to see with his eyes all these interesting things of which he has been told; and during the holiday walk drags his parents to the spot, to look again, and to beg to be told once more. And later, he looks at the familiar figures in order to show them to his children; or, per-

haps, more wistfully, loitering along the arcade in solitude, to remember the days of his own childhood. And in this manner, the things represented, fruit, animals and persons, and the exact form in which they are rendered; the funnel shape of the capitals, the cling and curl of the leafage, the sharp, black undercutting, the clear, lightly incised surfaces, the whole pattern of line and curve, light and shade, the whole pattern of the eye's progress along it, of the rhythm of expansion and restraint, of pressure and push, in short, the real work of art and visible form, become well-known, dwelling in the memory, cohabiting with the various moods, and haunting the fancy; a part of life, familiar, everyday, liked or disliked, discriminated in every particular, become part and parcel of ourselves, for better or for worse, like the tools we handle, the boats we steer, the horses we ride and groom and the furniture and utensils among which and through whose help we live our lives.

Furniture and utensils; things which exist because we require them, which we know because we employ them, these are the type in all great works of art. And from the self-same craving which insists that these should be shapely as well as handy, pleasant to the eye as well as rational; through the self-same processes of seeing and remembering and altering their shapes; according to the same æsthetic laws of line and curve, of surface and projection, of spring and restraint, of clearness and compensation; for the same organic reasons and by the same organic methods of preference and adaptation as these humblest things of usefulness, do the proudest and seemingly freest works of art come to exist; come to be *just what they are*, and even come to be *at all*.

I should like to state very clearly, before analyzing its reasons, what seems to me (and I am proud to follow

Ruskin in this as in so many essential questions of art and life) the true formula of this matter. Namely: that while beauty has always been desired and obtained for its own sake, the works in which we have found beauty embodied, and the arts which have achieved beauty's embodying, have always started from impulses or needs, and have always aimed at purposes or problems entirely independent of this embodiment of beauty.

The desire for beauty stands to art as the desire for righteousness stands to conduct. People do not feel and act from a desire to feel and act righteously, but from a hundred different and differently-combined motives; the desire for righteousness comes in to regulate this feeling and acting, to subject it all to certain preferences and repugnances which have become organic, if not in the human being, at least in human society. Like the desire for righteousness, the desire for beauty is not a spring of action, but a regulative function; it decides the *how* of visible existence; in accordance with deep-seated and barely guessed at necessities of body and soul, of nerves and perceptions, of brain and judgments; it says to all visible objects: since you needs must be, you shall be in *this* manner, and not in that other. The desire for beauty with its more potent negative, the aversion to ugliness, has, like the sense of right and wrong, the force of a categorical imperative.

Such, to my thinking, is the æsthetic instinct. And I call *Art* whatever kind of process, intellectual and technical, creates, incidentally or purposely, visible or audible forms, and creates them under the regulation of the æsthetic instinct. Art, therefore, is art whenever any object or any action, or any arrangement, besides being such as to serve a practical purpose or express an emotion or transfer a thought, is such

also as to afford the *sui generis* satisfaction which we denote by the adjective, beautiful. But, asks the reader, if every human activity resulting in visible or audible form is to be considered, at least potentially, as art; what becomes of *art* as distinguished from *craft*, or rather what is the difference between what we all mean by art and what we all mean by *craft*?

To this objection, perfectly justified by the facts of our own day, I would answer quite simply: There is no necessary or essential distinction between what we call *art* and what we call *craft*. It is a pure accident, and in all probability a temporary one, which has momentarily separated the two in the last hundred years. Throughout the previous part of the world's history art and craft have been one and the same, at the utmost distinguishable only from a different point of view; *craft* from the practical side, *art* from the contemplative. Every trade concerned with visible or audible objects or movements has also been an art; and every one of those great creative activities, for which, in their present isolation, we now reserve the name of *art*, has also been a craft; has been connected and replenished with life by the making of things which have a use, or by the doing of deeds which have a meaning.

We must, of course, understand *usefulness* in its widest sense; otherwise we should be looking at the world in a manner too little utilitarian, not too much so. Houses and furniture and utensils, clothes, tools and weapons must undoubtedly exemplify utility first and foremost because they serve our life in the most direct, indispensable and unvarying fashion, always necessary and necessary to every one. But once these universal, unchanging needs supplied, a great many others become visible; needs to the individual or to individuals and races

under definite and changing circumstances. The sonnet or the serenade are useful to the romantic lover in the same manner that carriage-horses and fine clothes are useful to the man who woos more practically-minded ladies. The diamonds of a rich woman serve to mark her status quite as much as to please the displeased eye of envy; in the same way that the uniform, the robes and vestments, are needed to set aside the soldier, the magistrate or priest, and give him the right of dealing *ex officio*, not as a mere man among men. And the consciousness of such apparent superfluities, whether they be the expression of wealth or of hierarchy, of fashion or of caste, gives to their possessor that additional self-importance which is quite as much wanted by the ungainly or diffident moral man as the additional warmth of his more obviously-needed raiment is by the poor, chilly, bodily human being. I will not enlarge upon the practical uses which recent ethnology has discovered in the tattooing, the painting, the masks, head-dresses, feather skirts, cowries and beads, of all that elaborate ornamentation with which only a few years back, we were in the habit of reproaching the poor, foolish, naked savages; additional knowledge of their habits having demonstrated rather our folly than theirs, in taking for granted that any race of men would prefer ornament to clothes, unless, as was the case, these ornaments were really more indispensable in their particular mode of life. For an ornament which terrifies an enemy, propitiates a god, paralyzes a wild beast, or gains a wife, is a matter of utility, not of æsthetic luxury, so long as it happens to be efficacious, or so long as its efficacy is believed in. Indeed, the gold coach and liveried trumpeters of the nostrum vendor of bygone days, like their less enlivening equivalents in many more modern professions, are of the nature

of trade tools, although the things they fashion are only the foolish brains of possible customers.

And this function of expression and impressing brings us to the other great category of utility. The sculptured pediment or frescoed wall, the hieroglyph, or the map or the book, everything which records a fact or transmits a feeling, everything which carries a message to men or gods, is an object of utility; the coat-of-arms painted on a panel, or the emblem carved upon a church front, as much as the helmet of the knight or the shield of the savage. A church or a religious ceremony, nay every additional ounce of gilding or grain of incense, or day or hour, bestowed on sanctuary and ritual, are not useful only to the selfish devotee who employs them for obtaining celestial favors; they are more useful and necessary even to the pure-minded worshipper, because they enable him to express the longing and the awe with which his heart is overflowing. For every oblation faithfully brought means so much added moral strength; and love requires gifts to give as much as hunger needs food and vanity needs ornament and wealth. All things which minister to a human need, bodily or spiritual, simple or complex, direct or indirect, innocent or noble, or base or malignant, all such things exist for their use; they do exist, and would always have existed equally if no such quality as beauty had ever arisen to enhance or to excuse their good or bad existence.

II.

The conception of art as of something outside, and almost opposed to, practical life, and the tendency to explain its gratuitous existence by the special "play instinct" more gratuitous itself, are due in great measure to our wrong way of thinking and feeling upon no

less a matter than human activity as such. The old-fashioned psychology which, ignoring instinct and impulse, explained all action as the result of a kind of calculation of future pleasure and pain, has accustomed us to account for all human activity, whatever we call *work*, by a wish for some benefit or fear of some disadvantage. And, on the other hand, the economic systems of our time (or, at all events, the systematic expositions of our economic arrangements) have furthermore accustomed us to think of everything like *work* as done under compulsion, fear of worse, or a kind of bribery. It is really taken as a postulate, and almost as an axiom, that no one would make or do anything useful save under the goad of want; of want not in the sense of *wanting to do or make that thing*, but of *wanting to have or be able to do something else*. Hence everything which is manifestly done from no such motive, but from an inner impulse towards the doing, comes to be thought of as opposed to *work*, and to be designated as *play*. Now, art is very obviously carried on for its own sake; experience, even of our mercantile age, teaches that if a man does not paint a picture or compose a symphony from an inner necessity as disinterested as that which makes another man look at the picture or listen to the symphony, no amount of self-interest, of disadvantages and advantages, will enable him to do either otherwise than badly. Hence, as I said, we are made to think of art as *play*, or a kind of play. But play itself, being unaccountable on the basis of external advantage and disadvantage, being, from the false economic point of view, unproductive, that is to say, pure waste, has in its turn to be accounted for by the supposition of surplus energy occasionally requiring to be let off to no purpose, or merely to prevent the machine from bursting. This opposition of work

and play is founded in our experience of a social state which is still at sixes and sevens; of a civilization so imperfectly developed and organized that the majority does nothing save under compulsion, and the minority does nothing to any purpose; and where that little boy's Scylla and Charybdis *all work* and *all play* is effectually realized in a nightmare too terrible and too foolish, above all too wakeningly true, to be looked at in the face without flinching. One wonders, incidentally, how any creature perpetually working from the reasons given by economists, that is to say, working against the grain, from no spontaneous wish or pleasure, can possibly store up, in such exhausting effort, a surplus of energy requiring to be let off! And one wonders, on the other hand, how any really good work of any kind, work not merely kept by dire competitive necessity up to a standard, but able to afford any standard to keep up to, can well be produced save by the letting off of surplus energy; that is to say, how good work can ever be done otherwise than by impulses and instincts acting spontaneously, in fact as play. The reality seems to be that, imperfect as is our poor life, present and past, we are maligning it; founding our theories, for simplicity's sake and to excuse our lack of hope and striving, upon its very worst samples. Wasteful as is the mal-distribution of human activities (mal-distribution worse than that of land or capital!), cruel as is the consequent pressure of want, there yet remains at the bottom of an immense amount of work an inner push different from that outer constraint, an inner need as fruitful as the outer one is wasteful; there remains the satisfaction in work, the wish to work. However outer necessity, "competition," "minimum of cost," "iron law of wages," call it what you choose, direct and mis-

direct, through need of bread or greed of luxury, the application of human activity, that activity has to be there, and with it its own alleviation and reward; pleasure in work. All decent human work partakes (let us thank the great reasonableness of real things!) of the quality of play; if it did not it would be bad or ever on the verge of badness; and if ever human activity attains to fullest fruitfulness, it will be (every experience of our own best work shows it) when the distinction of *work* and of *play* will cease to have a meaning, play remaining only as the preparatory work of the child, as the strength-repairing, balance-adjusting work of the adult. And meanwhile, through all the centuries of centuries, art, which is the type and sample of all higher, better modes of life, art has given us in itself the concrete sample, the unmistakable type of that needful reconciliation of work and play; and has shown us that there is, or should be, no difference between them. For art has made the things which are useful, and done the things which are needed, in those shapes and ways of beauty which have no aim but our pleasure.

The way in which the work of art is born of a purpose, of something useful to do or desirable to say, and the way in which the suggestions of utility are used up for beauty, can best be shown by a really existing object. Expressed in practical terms the object is humble enough; a little trough with two taps built into a recess in a wall; a place for washing hands and rinsing glasses, as you see the Dominican brothers doing it all day, for I am speaking of the "Lavabo" by Giovanni della Robbia in the Sacristy of Santa Maria Novella in Florence. The whole thing is small, and did not allow of the adjoining room usually devoted to this purpose. The washing and rinsing had to take place in the sacristy itself;

but this being the case, it was desirable that the space set apart for these proceedings should at least appear to be separate; the trough, therefore, was sunk in a recess, and the recess divided off from the rest of the wall by pillars and a gable, becoming in this manner, with no loss of real standing room, a building inside a building; the operations, furthermore, implying a certain amount of wetting and slopping, the dryness of the rest of the sacristy, and particularly the *idea* of its dryness (so necessary where precious stuffs and metal vessels are kept) had to be secured not merely by covering a piece of wainscot and floor with tiles, but by building the whole little enclosure (all save the marble trough) of white and colored majolica, which seemed to say to the oaken and walnut presses, to the great table covered with vestments: "Don't be afraid, you shall not feel a drop from all this washing and rinsing." So far, therefore, we have got for our lavabo-trough a shallow recess, lined and paved with tiles, and cut off from the frescoed and panelled walls by two pilasters and a rounded gable, of tile work also, the general proportions being given by the necessity of two monks or two acolytes washing the sacred vessels at the same moment. The word *sacred* now leads us to another determining necessity of our work of art. For this place, where the lavabo stands, is actually consecrated; it has an altar; and it is in it that take place all the preparations and preliminaries for the most holy and most magnificent of rites. The sacristy, like the church, is moreover an offering to heaven; and the lavabo, since it has to exist, can exist with fitness only if it also be offered, and made worthy of offering, to heaven. Besides, therefore, those general proportions which have had to be made harmonious for the satisfaction not merely of the builder, but of the people

whose eye rests on them daily and hourly; besides the shapeliness and dignity which we insist upon in all things needful; we further require of this object that it should have a certain superabundance of grace, that it should have color, elaborate pattern, what we call *ornament*; details which will show that it is a gift, and make it a fit companion for the magnificent embroideries and damasks, the costly and exquisite embossed and enamelled vessels which inhabit that place; and a worthy spectator of the sacred pageantry which issues from this sacristy. The little tiled recess, the trough and the little piece of architecture which frames it all, shall not only be practically useful, they shall also be spiritually useful as the expression of men's reverence and devotion. To whom? Why, to the dear mother of Christ and her gracious angels, whom we place in effigy, on the gable, white figures on a blue ground. And since this humble thing is also an offering, what can be more appropriate than to hang it round with votive garlands, such as we bind to mark the course of processions, and which we garnish (filling the gaps of glossy bay and spruce pine branches) with the finest fruits of the earth, lemons, and pears, and pomegranates, a grateful tithe to the Powers who make the orchards fruitful. But, since such garlands wither and such fruits decay, and there must be no withering or decaying in the sanctuary, the bay leaves and the pine branches, and the lemons and pears and pomegranates, shall be of imperishable material, majolica colored like reality and majolica, moreover, which leads us back, pleasantly, to the humble necessity of the trough, the spurting and slopping of water, which we have secured against by that tiled floor and wainscot. But here another suggestion arises. Water is necessary and infinitely pleasant in

a hot country and a hot place like this domed sacristy. But we have very, oh, so very, little of it in Florence! We cannot even, however great our love and reverence, offer Our Lady and the Angels the thinnest perennial spurt; we must let out the water only for bare use, and turn the tap off instantly after. There is something very disappointing in this; and the knowledge of that dearth of water, of those two taps symbolical of chronic drought, is positively disheartening. Beautiful proportions, delicate patterns, gracious effigies of the Madonna and the angels we can have, and also the most lovely garlands. But we cannot have a fountain. For it is useless calling this a fountain, this poor little trough with two taps! But you *shall* have a fountain! Giovanni della Robbia answers in his heart; or, at least, you shall *feel* as if you had one! And here we may witness, if we use the eyes of the spirit as well as of the body, one of the strangest miracles of art, when art is married to a purpose. The idea of a fountain, the desirability of water, becomes, unconsciously, dominant in the artist's mind; and under its sway, as under the divining rod, there trickle and well up every kind of thought, of feeling, about water; until the images thereof, visible, audible, tactile, unite and steep and submerge every other notion. Nothing deliberate; and, in all probability, nothing even conscious; those watery thoughts merely lapping dreamily round, like a half-heard murmur of rivers, the waking work with which his mind is busy. Nothing deliberate or conscious, but all the more inevitable and efficacious, this multi-fold suggestion of water. And behold the result, the witness of the miracle; in the domed sacristy, the fountain cooling this sultry afternoon of June as it has cooled four hundred Junes and more since set up, arch and pilasters and statued gables hung with garlands

by that particular Robbia. Cooling and refreshing us with its empty trough and closed taps, without a drop of real water! For it is made of water itself or the essence, the longing memory of water. It is water, this shining pale amber and agate and grass-green tiling and wainscoting starred at regular intervals by wide-spread patterns as of floating weeds; water which makes the glossiness of the great leaf-garlands and the juiciness of the smooth lemons and cool pears and pomegranates; water which has washed into ineffable freshness this piece of blue heaven within the gable; and water, you would say, as of some shining fountain in the dusk, which has gathered together into the white glistening bodies and draperies which stand out against that newly-washed æther. All this is evident, and yet insufficient to account for our feelings. The subtlest and most potent half of the spell is hidden; and we guess it only little by little. In this little Grecian tabernacle, every line save the bare verticals and horizontals is a line suggestive of trickling and flowing and bubbles; a line suggested by water and water's movement; and every light and shadow is a light or a shadow suggested by water's brightness or transparent gloom; it is water which winds in tiny meanders of pattern along the shallow, shining pillars, and water which beads and dimples along the shady cornice. The fountain has been thought out in longing for water, and every detail of it has been touched by the memory thereof. Water! they wanted water, and they should have it. By a coincidence almost, Giovanni della Robbia has revealed the secret which himself most probably never guessed, in the little landscape of lilac and bluish tiles with which he filled up the arch behind the taps; some Tuscan scene, think you? Hills and a few cypresses, such as his

contemporaries used for a background? Not a bit. A great lake, an estuary, almost a sea, with sailing ships, a flooded country, such as no Florentine had ever seen with mortal eyes; but such as, in his longing for water, he must have dreamed about. Thus the landscape sums up this dream, this realization of every cool and trickling sight and touch and sound which fills that sacristy as with a spray of watery thoughts. In this manner, with perhaps but a small effort of invention and a small output of fancy, and without departing in the least from the general proportions and shapes and ornaments common in his day, has an artist of the second order left us one of the most exquisitely shapely and poetical of works, merely by following the suggestions of the use, the place, the religious message and that humble human wish for water where there was none.

III.

It is discouraging and humiliating to think (and therefore we think it very seldom) that nowadays we artists, painters of portraits and landscapes, builders and decorators of houses, pianists, singers, fiddlers, and, quite as really though less obviously, writers, are all of us indirectly helping to keep up the greed which makes the privileged and possessing classes cling to their monopolies and accumulate their possessions. Bitter to realize that, disinterested as we must mostly be (for good artistic work means talent, talent preference, and preference disinterestedness), we are, as Ruskin has already told us, but the parasites of parasites. For of the pleasure-giving things we make, what portion really gives any pleasure, or comes within reach of giving pleasure, to those whose hands as a whole class (as distinguished from the brain of an occasional individual of

the other class) produce the wealth we all of us have to live, or try to live, upon? Of course there is the seeming consolation that, like the Reynoldses and Gainsboroughs, the Watteaus and the Fragonards of the past, the Millais and the Sargents (charming sitters or the reverse, and all), and the Monnets and Brabazons will sooner or later become what we call public property in public galleries. But, meanwhile, the Reynoldses and Gainsboroughs and Watteaus and Fragonards themselves, though the legal property of everybody, are really reserved for those same classes who own their modern equivalents, simply because those alone have the leisure and culture necessary to enjoy them. The case is not really different for the one or two seemingly more independent and noble artistic individualities, the great decorators like Watts or Besnard; their own work, like their own conscience, is indeed the purer and stronger for their intention of painting not for smoking-rooms and private collections, but for places where all men can see and understand; but then all men cannot see—they are busy or too tired—and they cannot understand, because the language of art has become foreign to them. The same applies to composers and to writers; music and books are cheap enough, but the familiarity with musical forms and literary styles, without which music and books are mere noise and waste-paper, is practically unattainable to the classes who till the ground, extract its stone and minerals, and make, with their hands, every material thing (save works of art) that we possess. Indeed, one additional reason why, ever since the 18th century, art has been set up as the opposite of useful work, and explained as a form of play (though its technical difficulties grew more exorbitant and exhausting year by year) is probably that, in our modern civilizations, art has been

obviously produced for the benefit of the classes who virtually do not work, and by artists born or bred to belong to those idle classes themselves. For it is a fact that, as the artist nowadays finds his public only among the comparatively idle (or, at all events, those whose activity distributes wealth in their own favor rather than creates it), so also he requires to be, more and more, in sympathy with their mode of living and thinking; the friend, the client, most often the son, of what we call (with terrible unperceived irony in the words) *leisured* folk. As to the folk who have no leisure (and therefore, according to our modern aesthetics, no *art* because no *play*) they can receive from us privileged persons (when privilege happens to be worth its keep) no benefits save very practical ones. The only kind of work founded on "leisure"—which does in our day not merely increase the advantages of already well-off persons, but actually filter down to help the unleisured producers of our wealth, is not the work of the artist, but of the doctor, the nurse; the inventor, the man of science; who knows? Perhaps almost of the philosopher, the historian, the sociologist; the clearer away of convenient error, the unmaker and remaker of consciences. As I began by saying, it is not very comfortable, nowadays, to be an artist, and yet possess a mind and heart. And two of the greatest artists of our times, Ruskin and Tolstoy, have done their utmost to make it more uncomfortable still. So that it is natural for our artists to decide that art exists only for art's own sake, since it cannot nowadays be said to exist for the sake of anything else. And as to us, privileged persons, with leisure and culture fitting us for artistic enjoyment, it is even more natural to consider art as a kind of play; play in which we get refreshed after somebody else's work.

IV.

And are we really much refreshed? Watching the face and manner, listless, perfunctory or busily attentive, of our fellow creatures in galleries and exhibitions, and in a great measure in concert rooms and theatres, one would imagine that, on the contrary, they were fulfilling a social duty or undergoing a pedagogical routine. The object of the proceeding would rather seem to be negative; one might judge that they had come lest their neighbors should suspect that they were somewhere else, or perhaps lest their neighbors should come instead, according to our fertile methods of society intercourse and of competitive examinations. At any rate, they do not look as if they came to be refreshed, or as if they had taken the right steps towards such spiritual refreshment; the faces and manner of children in a playground, of cricketers on a village green, of Sunday trippers on the beach, or of German townsfolk walking to the beer-house or café in the deep, fragrant woods, present a different appearance. And if we examine into our own feelings, we shall find that even for the most art-loving of us the hours spent in galleries of pictures and statues, or listening to music at concerts, are largely stolen from our real life of real interests and real pleasures; that there enters into them a great proportion of effort and boredom; at the very best that we do not enjoy (nor expect to enjoy) them at all in the same degree as a dinner in good company or a walk in bright, bracing weather, let alone, of course, fishing or hunting or digging and weeding our little garden.

Of course, if we are really artistic, and if we have the power of analyzing our own feelings and motives, we shall know that the gallery or the concert afford occasion for laying in a store of pleasurable impressions, to be enjoyed

at the right moment and in the right mood later; outlines of pictures, washes of color, grouped masses of sculpture, bars of melody, clang of especial chords or timbre combinations, and even the vague æsthetic emotion, the halo surrounding blurred recollections of sights and sounds. And knowing this, we are content that the act of garnering, of preparing, for such a future enjoyment, should lack any steady or deep pleasurable about itself. But, thinking over the matter, there seems something wrong, derogatory to art and humiliating to ourselves in this admission that the actual presence of the work of art, sometimes the masterpiece, should give us the minimum, and not the maximum, of our artistic enjoyment. And comparing the usual dead level of such merely potential pleasure with certain rare occasions when we have enjoyed art more at the moment than afterwards, quite vividly, warmly and with the proper reluctant clutch at the divine minute as it passes; making this comparison, we can, I think, guess at the nature of the mischief and the possibility of its remedy. Examining into our experience, we shall find that, while our lack of enjoyment (our state of æsthetic *aridity*, to borrow the expression of religious mystics) had coincided with a deliberate intention to see or hear works of art, and a consequent clearing away of other claims on our attention, in fact, to an effort made more or less in *vacuo*; on the contrary, our Faust-moments ("Stay, thou art beautiful!"), of plenitude and consummation, have always come when our activity was already flowing, our attention stimulated, and when, so to speak, the special artistic impressions were caught up into our other interests, and woven by them into our life. We can all recall unexpected delights like Hazlitt's in the odd volume of Rousseau found on the window-seat, and dis-

cussed, with his savory supper, in the roadside inn, after his long day's pleasant tramp.

Indeed, this preparing of the artistic impression by many others, or focusing of others by it, accounts for the keenness of our æsthetic pleasure when on a journey; we are thoroughly alive, and the seen or heard thing of beauty lives *into* us, or we into it (there is an important psychological law, a little too abstract for this moment of expansiveness, called "the Law of the Summation of Stimuli"). The truth of what I say is confirmed by the frequent fact that the work of art which gives us this full and vivid pleasure (actually refreshing! for here, at last, is refreshment!) is either fragmentary or by no means first-rate. We have remained arid, hard, incapable of absorbing, while whole Joachim quartets flowed and rippled *all round*, but never *into* us; and then, some other time, our soul seems to have drunk up (every fibre blissfully steeping) a few bars of a sonata (it was Beethoven's 10th violin, and they were stumbling through it for the first time) heard accidentally while walking up and down under an open window.

It is the same with painting and sculpture. I shall never forget the exquisite poetry and loveliness of that Matteo di Giovanni, "The Giving of the Virgin's Girdle," when I saw it for the first time, in the chapel of that villa, once a monastery, near Siena. Even through the haze of twenty years (like those delicate, blue December mists which lay between the sunny hills) I can see that picture illumined piecemeal by the travelling taper on the sacristan's reed, far more distinctly than I see it to-day with bodily eyes in the National Gallery. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that where it hangs in that gallery it has not once given me one half-second of real pleasure. It is a third-rate picture now; but even

the masterpieces, Perugino's big fresco, Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," Piero della Francesca's "Baptism;" have they ever given me the complete and steady delight which that mediocre Siennese gave me at the end of the wintry drive, in the faintly-illuminated chapel? More often than not, as Coleridge puts it, I have "seen, not *felt*, how beautiful they are." But, apart even from fortunate circumstances or enhancing activities, we have all of us experienced how much better we see or hear a work of art with the mere dull help of some historical question to elucidate or technical matter to examine into; we have been able to follow a piece of music by watching for some peculiarity of counterpoint or excellence or fault of execution; and our attention has been carried into a picture or statue by trying to make out whether a piece of drapery was repainted or an arm restored. Indeed, the irrelevant literary program of concerts and all that art historical

lore (information about things of no importance, or none to us) conveyed in dreary monographs and hand-books, all of them perform a necessary function nowadays, that of bringing our idle and alien minds into some sort of relation of business with the works of art which we should otherwise, nine times out of ten, fail really to approach. And here I would suggest that this necessity of being, in some way, busy about beautiful things in order to thoroughly perceive them, may represent some sterner necessity of life in general; art being, in this as in so many other cases, significantly typical of what is larger than itself. Can we get the full taste of pleasure sought for pleasure's own sake? And is not happiness in life, like beauty in art, a means rather than an aim; the condition of going on, the replenishing of force; in short, the thing by whose help, not for the sake of which, we feel and act and live?

Vernon Lee.

The Contemporary Review.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

"Mine be a cot," for the hours of play,
Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway;
Where the walls are low and the roofs are red,
And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,
Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,
And do nought in the world (but work) by halves,
From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Riddle-me-ree"
To watching the cat in the apple tree.

O Art of the Household! Men may prate
Of their ways "Intense" and Italianate,
They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
To the *au delà* and the dim remote,
Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,
'Tis the Art at the door that will please the best;
To the end of Time 'twill be still the same,
For the Earth first laughed when the children came!

Austin Dobson.

A FATHER OF THE FIELDS.*

BY JEAN RAMEAU.

V.

"What are you making there, my boy?" asked Yan.

"A devil's-head!"

"For whom?"

"For the daughter of the deputy."

And he submitted his plan to Yan, who approved it heartily.

"An excellent idea—fine!" he cried.

"Make it grin horribly, so it will frighten that little puppet into a fainting fit!" Then he gave some very valuable directions. "Make the mouth enormous, big and round! The eyes crosswise—like this—Look once! Satan in person!"

It was a big, yellow squash, the largest that could be found on the fields of Bignaon. It would be fantastic!

The night came.

It was to be hoped that Mademoiselle Florence would not get back before dark.

No! All went well! The moon would rise late. Everything favored Emile's plot.

"Ah! she'll remember me—you can wager that," exclaimed Emile to himself. He put on his most beautiful suit, which had just been bought, made in the latest ridiculous Paris style, and a hat to match. He wore fashionable shoes, and carried his watch. He tried to give to his delicate moustache a dashing air, such as he had noticed in the portrait of a great bandit. He wished to look as handsome as possible when he went to his revenge. He made an enthusiastic ovation to the first star that appeared.

"Go, Poutoun—go!" he cried to the farm hand.

Poutoun was to post himself at the entrance of the forest to wait for Bernard, the servant of Monsieur Brion, who would accompany Mademoiselle Florence from the village.

"You can tell him that his house at Lestanguet is on fire, Poutoun! You must swear it is true. Lift your hand toward heaven so that he will believe you. He will desert Mademoiselle Florence and go off at full gallop."

Emile could hardly breathe. Every fibre trembled with impatience, as he took his way toward the forest. The evening was mild. The sky was like a great canopy of mauve satin, and the air was balmy.

He walked quickly, full of diabolic courage to the tips of his fingers. The trees along the way seemed murmuring sweet words to him. He felt like embracing them. Here was the road, the winding road that led to the chateau. By this road Mademoiselle Florence would pass. She would stir this very dust through which he was stepping. He was breathless. He felt strange sensations. Another man seemed to be born within him. It was as if the sap that poured through the trees had left them for a time and coursed through his veins.

He raised his scarecrow. He fastened it on the great bough of an oak where it would face the road. He lit the candle. The effect was prodigious. Even the *curé* of Salignacq, if he found himself face to face with this head, in the depths of the forest, at ten o'clock at night, might well tremble with fright in his cassock.

Emile concealed himself behind a

* Translated for The Living Age by Helen W. Pierson.

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tree. The night was lovely. The crickets chanted their ecstasy. The splendid stars appeared faithfully in their old places—where our ancestors beheld them, where our sons will see them in years to come. Emile regarded those stars with great, luminous eyes. "In a moment," he thought, "she will be passing here."

He listened. Nothing yet—only a distant rumbling of carriages returning from the fair.

He held his breath. Was that a step—a horse's step? Great heavens! No, it was his heart that made such a noise in his breast!

But then, all at once, he did hear, truly, the step of a horse.

He stretched his head out from among the leaves.

Yes—the step of a horse. Mademoiselle Florence was coming. At last!

A noise as of trumpets filled his brain. Mademoiselle Florence—and all alone!

Here then was the hour so anxiously awaited. How he would laugh! How happy he would be!

It was indeed she! Softly, slowly, as if she took pleasure in lingering under the trees, she approached. Emile felt his breast dilate, dilate more and more, and there was a strange ringing in his ears.

Twenty steps more—ten steps!

Suddenly he trembled. The great, Satanic head was there fixed, immovable, right in the road, the enormous eyes flamboyant, darting out red lights in the gloom. The young girl would see it suddenly in the road, at a turn. "*Mon Dieu!*" he thought in alarm, "what if it made her ill?" And obeying an inexplicable feeling that mastered him in spite of himself, he rushed out of his concealment crying: "Do not be afraid, Mademoiselle! It is nothing!"

But he was too late.

"Ha!" she cried, recolling on her

saddle. The horse reared in fright, so that she fell to the ground. Her eyes were fixed on the scarecrow.

Emile ran to her. He took her in his nervous arms. "Mademoiselle Florence," he cried, feeling all his hate vanish, "oh, forgive me, forgive me!" And he fell humbly on his knees.

But the young girl did not understand. She gazed at him without a word, with terrified, dilated eyes.

Her horse had galloped off in fright. His steps grew fainter till at last they could not be heard.

Emile still held the young girl in his arms, while he murmured in a frightened voice: "Oh, you are not hurt! Tell me, say you are not hurt—say it is nothing!"

He trembled. His lips twitched convulsively. His eyes seemed dazzled. Through his head mingled harmonies seemed to float, as if all the birds of the forest were singing in his brain.

Florence opened her eyes and saw him, but she did not seem afraid. He had carried her to the broken trunk of a tree, on which he placed her. Then with radiant eyes, feeling as if he had been translated into a new world, he cried: "Forgive me, forgive me—I love you!"

She heard him, certainly. But she did not say a word. She caught her breath, and her heart beat like a prisoner assaulting the walls. There was something delicious in this silence. The trees seemed to listen.

They rested so for a time mute, immovable, only speaking with their eyes, which were illumined with happiness. Where were they—in what corner of the forest? What was the hour? They knew not. They only felt their own ecstasy, and earth and heaven all seemed part of them—and all filled with their love.

The night grew colder. They did not feel it. The dew fell and wet their feet, but they did not perceive it. Their

souls had soared far above the earth on mighty wings. Now and then Emile attempted to speak, but Florence only looked at him, and her glance seemed to say, "Oh, I understand it all, better than you can express it!" Oh, the lovely glances, luminous and sweet. They penetrated his heart.

Florence was beautiful. He had never seen it till this supreme hour. There was an atmosphere of purity and sweetness about her that seemed to steep his whole being in bliss. And those eyes—those violet eyes that he had formerly blasphemed—how gentle and caressing they were, how they blessed any one whom she let them rest upon!

They said nothing of their ancient quarrel. All was understood, all was explained. One touch of Florence's hand revealed more to him than a long discourse. The trees seemed old friends bending over them in benediction.

Sometimes Emile could not realize the truth. "Can it be I," he thought, "I—Emile—who loves, who is loved in return—who is so happy?"

Yes, it was indeed himself—but this felicity was so wonderful that he must needs doubt it.

The moon rose and Emile saw more plainly the radiant face of the young girl. So much light darted from their eyes that they almost believed the sun was shining. Then unconsciously their lips met.

At that moment a cry resounded through the forest—a great cry of horror that rang out very near them.

"Ha—the witch!" said some one.

It was Yan. He had grown uneasy and had started out on his crutches at ten o'clock in the evening to look for his grandson. He stood for a moment petrified.

"The witch!" he cried. "Oh, the witch! She has bewitched him!"

And he stretched out his hand and made the sign of the cross against the moon.

VI.

The next morning the sky was bright and clear. Emile rose very early, for he had not been able to sleep—indeed he had not tried. He preferred to think, and found it an inexpressible joy. He seemed surrounded with happiness, immense, infinite. Once in the night he sprang from his bed, and lit a light. "It was a dream," he thought, "that adventure of last night!"

But no! There were proofs of its reality. He had a great bruise on his side where he had struck against an oak when he was carrying Florence. And this tear in his coat—a thorny branch had seized him, as if to stop his passage. It was near the tree trunk on which they had been seated. Oh, the delight of remembering it!

Dawn came at last. At the first light Emile dressed himself and left the house. He drank in great draughts of the sweet air. He seemed to hear the singing of the birds for the first time. He noticed a long cloud winding along the horizon like a rose-colored snake. It was formed of the fog that rose from the Lu.

With hurried steps he started for the blessed forest. He found the place quickly, the solitary corner where Florence had appeared the night before. It was near Bignaon, not far from the road. He approached the fallen trunk reverently. He felt a desire to take off his hat to it. He touched it, caressing it softly with his hand, as he stroked the good oxen after a day's labor. His heart melted with tenderness.

Yes, the great event had taken place there! He recognized the outline of a plane-tree that seemed to salute him. He found the traces of their steps in the herbs. It was true beyond dispute. Florence loved him! Oh, sing it to the stars, to the clouds, to the ferns, to the grains of gravel! Sing it in an ecstasy, through youth on to old

age—even till death. He sat on the old trunk of the tree for an hour, so happy, so unutterably happy, that it made him afraid.

Sometimes he felt as if Florence were at his side. This spot was indissolubly connected with her. It seemed as if she must pervade it. He saw her image everywhere, but that did not satisfy him. He wandered about in the woods and came to a place from which he could see a corner of the chateau of Toulade.

She was there!

Suddenly he thought: "Perhaps she is gone."

Why, this was the day, the very day of her departure! *Mon Dieu!*

Gone without seeing him? Oh, no, surely the universe would sink and fall before such a catastrophe could happen! Breathlessly he ran toward the chateau. This frightful thought gave him courage.

He reached the entrance quickly, and saw a servant.

"Mademoiselle Florence—is she—well?" he stammered, trembling with emotion.

"Ah, you knew that she met with an accident?" asked the servant. "Yes, this morning she is better, thanks! In the night she had a little fever. It appears that she lost her way in the woods. Some one frightened her, she said, and she fell from her horse. But it is nothing. There is no wound. Still, her leaving is postponed."

"Ah!" cried Emile, intoxicated with joy.

"Yes, Mademoiselle will not go away till after the election."

Emile went home with paradise in his heart.

He did not eat anything that day. He said nothing to Yan, whose eyes seemed loaded with grape-shot. He spent hours on a slope from which he could watch Monsieur Brion's home—but he saw nothing.

This was a terrible torture!

The next day he saw no one either.

Perhaps Florence was mocking him, else why could she not have come, in all this time, to that blessed corner of the forest?

Three days passed in this way. Emile grew haggard. Sometimes he shivered in the warm air, and then his blood seemed turned to ice. An infinite sadness weighed on his heart.

Was she really ill, or did this mean that she did not intend to see him again?

Emile began to be alarmed. He asked himself in anguish how this adventure would end, and he did not dare to hope for a happy outcome. She was the daughter of a deputy—he was only the grandson of Yan. She was an elegant Parisian, and he was a common peasant. Everything—birth, education, habits of life—separated them utterly.

Emile thought seriously of hanging himself in that corner of the forest where he had been so happy. Sometimes he strode about with tragic steps. He changed his costume frequently. He would put on his peasant's suit—his blouse and *béret*. Then he would change to his Sunday clothes and curl his delicate moustache.

One day Yan said, "Do you know, my boy, that Marie Catalan is going to be married?"

This was false. Yan said it to try the effect. But it failed. Emile showed no interest.

"*Dion biban!*" burst out the old man, "this has got to stop!" And he shook his fist under Emile's nose.

"You know, my boy, if you are still thinking of that daughter of the deputy—I—I—enough! I will be silent!"

This was uttered in a threatening tone.

For that matter, Yan did not know what he wanted to say. But he decided that he would go the very next

day and request the hand of Marie Catalan for his grandson.

May was approaching. Emile had not seen Florence for a whole week. When the young man saw Yan making ready to go to the home of the Catalans, despair seized his heart. He took his gun and went into the forest. The poplar trees on the banks of the stream shook their silver-lined leaves at every breath of wind.

Emile hurried to the spot where the broken tree lay, the place where all things chanted for him a melancholy song. On the ground were the herbs that the feet of Florence had trodden upon on that evening. They had recovered little by little from the pressure. A few days more and nothing would testify of her presence there. No, nothing!

It was a torrid day. Emile sat down on the broken trunk of the tree, and placed the gun between his knees. He seemed to hear the hot blood throbbing through his veins. He was murmuring something—he knew not what. Perhaps it was a prayer. Far off, a peasant at work with his oxen was calling out "*Bé, Martin—Bé, Youan,*" in his simple fashion. The cold steel of the gun touched Emile's neck, but when that familiar, homely cry of the peasant reached his ears, he threw it away in terror.

No, he could not do it! The voice of the laborers, the song of the birds, the happy rustling of the trees all counselled him to live. Suicide? Was that not a monstrous folly? He knew that the strong, hearty peasant scorns such a thing, and would count it shame to admit that any kin of his had been so depraved as to take his own life. What would they say of him in the commune? What would Yan think? No, no! It would be a dishonor to the house. Why, the most abject beggar in his rags—miserable, yet finding a

joy in the green earth and the sunshine on his forlorn tramps—would point out with his stick that old home of Bignon as an accursed house, and say, with the sign of the cross, "*Jesus deliver us from evil! It's there that a young man only twenty-two killed himself!*"

Emile had never heard, in that corner of the country, of suicide for love. But he picked up his gun and shot into the air, calling out at the same time with all the strength that was left in him, "*Florence!*"

This made a great noise in the forest. The leaves quivered under the shot that fell on them. The echo took up the cry, and "*Florence*" resounded on all sides. Emile caught his breath. He saw nothing but the smoke. He stared about him with dilated eyes. The veins of his throat swelled under the skin. The smoke cleared away and still he saw nothing—nothing but things that swam about him, things that danced, leaves, trunks of trees, herbs and roots in a grand forest *sarabande*. And there was a corresponding tumult in his own breast. Ah, she did not come! He took up his gun again. There was one more charge in it. "*Mon Dieu,*" he murmured, "help me!"

He turned toward the north, to the chateau of Toulade. His brain reeled; he could distinguish nothing. The trees might have fallen on his head and he would not have stirred. Suddenly his limbs trembled; his face was transfigured. The gun fell from his cold hands, and he took a few steps involuntarily. He looked as if he saw the sun itself coming toward him. Oh! surely something bright and splendid like the sun was coming, something that made the birds sing, and the earth bloom with a starry burst of daisies on her way. And his face was illumined as if reflecting the joyous light which approached him.

"My eyes—my eyes—are they deceiving me?"

He went forward. Then with a great cry of triumph he saw Florence there, near him, so near that he dared to take her hands and kiss them in speechless tenderness. She had not heard him call her name, but she had obeyed that mystic, spirit summons which sometimes reaches the inner consciousness of one beloved.

Emile listened to the blessed explanations that seemed to pour balm in his wounds.

"My Emile, I never was able to come—never! You must know my father returned, and I was watched, for I was not well. My aunt understood

all, the other evening when I got home so late. My horse was there two hours before me! But my thoughts were always with you night and day. Didn't you feel that, Emile?"

And suddenly Emile heard other words which fell upon him like a shower of roses.

"Emile, it is necessary that you should demand my hand from my father!"

Emile trembled. "Do you think he will give it to me?" he asked, with a blaze of exaltation in his eyes.

"Why, certainly! Take courage—good-bye." And Florence disappeared swiftly under the branches of the trees.

(To be continued.)

A PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATION.

"Excuse me, I believe you belong to the party, but are the antiquaries inside this old church?"

She was rather a shabby little person—a trifle dowdy too, but she glanced up at the tall young man with a glint of wonderful humor.

"You are misled by association of ideas," she answered demurely; "you mean the archaeologists, don't you? Yes, they are inside listening to the fifth architectural paper that has been inflicted on them this day."

He looked at her laughingly, and then his eyes wandered to a cool river bank which was crowned by golden corn jewelled with poppies. Now there is no other color quite like poppy red when the sun shines through the transparent petals.

"So I see that you are a fraud also. I only came with them to get a blessed breath of the country. Those awful papers are Greek to me. Do you know

a Perpendicular insertion when you see one, because I don't?"

She shook her head. "I was more interested in the cheeses, were not you?"

"Then, in the name of glorious summer, let us desert the antiquaries and go down by the river."

"With all the recklessness born of a return ticket I am willing. That river has been calling me all the time."

With a mutual sense of good fellowship they wended their way to the much desired spot, and, in finding a seat for her as near the rippling margin as he could, he looked inquiringly at her.

"I suppose I do not really know you, but it seems to me that I do."

"I cannot say," she answered composedly; "but it is certain that I know you. Your name is Parmiter; you live on the sunny side of Lenton Street, at number thirty-eight, and you have evi-

dently no mother or sister, for I have seen you attempt to mend your own socks. From your daily habit of putting your head out of window to watch for the postman, I judge that you possess a sweetheart who sometimes forgets to write."

The young man was completely taken aback at this accurate summing-up of him, but he laughed frankly and good-naturedly enough, and in his turn he began to remember things.

"I know you now; you live opposite, and we have sometimes gone down to the City in the same 'bus."

"Yes; I live opposite on the shady side of the street; it is symbolical of our different estates. What do you think of me as a feminine edition of Paul Pry?"

"I think it simply marvellous, for I cannot deny anything. I do cobble at my own socks, and my sweetheart—bless her—sometimes forgets to write; but she is only two miles away, you know, and although she is the dearest girl in the world, I could not ask her to mend my socks, could I?"

"I suppose not, although she would just love to do them. But you might ask an old woman like me, for I've watched you for years."

"Old? Nonsense! I won't have you laugh at yourself, even in fun, as the children say."

"Why not? When one can laugh without bitterness one becomes a power. Time was when I wept and was dull; now I can sometimes amuse people."

His bright, sympathetic eyes probed hers. "But you weep sometimes now?"

"Never, on my honor as an old woman. Youth weeps because it is at once so serious and so superficial; its long, long thoughts are wearisomely egotistical. We who are waiting like old coins for our new minting have more

leisure to be gay. Beyond the stars is a wide outlook."

They were both silent for a little while, but the wind in the corn made exquisite music for them, and, like the same musicianly hand upon a different instrument, it set the tall elms all a-tremble until they had the sound of the sea in their ears—the sea, with its summer waves all unrestful to rise and fall upon the shingle. The calm progress of the river was silent as it passed the loiterers upon its banks, but the fall of waters could be heard from the distant weir, and tiny flecks of foam bore witness that they had not always been so still. There was a cool plash as the young man threw in a pebble, idly as one whose thoughts were straying, and the two watched the circle slowly widening until it touched the waving grasses of the margin.

"If it comes to that," he said, "for all your assumption of age, I might die long before you."

"God forbid! for He gives us such good days; is not such a one as this worth living through a whole winter for? If the year gave us nothing more we should still have lived one day."

"But I am looking forward to no end of happy days. Come, you seem to be a very witch—the nicest kind, of course—so please tell me my fortune."

He held out his hand, and she took it seriously in both hers and examined it painstakingly.

"It is a strong hand—physically. I would rather see its strength expended on the reaping of a field than wasted behind a desk. I don't speak in a monetary sense, of course."

"I do get pretty sick of it at times—say when the sun is shining as it is now—only it does bring more grist to the mill; but, if you please, I want my fortune told."

"I will not pretend to do that, but I

will tell you a few of your characteristics, if you will not be offended?"

"I can't promise, for that sounds as though you considered them rather bad. I want to be told how talented and what a genius I really am in spite of appearances."

It was not a brilliant sally, but they both laughed, being so full of that holiday humor which makes laughter as natural as breathing. But she became serious as she bent over his hand, pretending to read from it, although she knew nothing of palmistry.

"I think you are impulsively warm-hearted and generous, but you might easily become a failure through these virtues. If you were a doctor and had to inflict pain to bring about a good result, you would hesitate. You would be afraid of hurting your patients, and, what is worse, you would be afraid of hurting yourself by having to see them suffer."

He nodded in corroboration. "I dare say you are perfectly right. My people wanted me to go in for the medical profession, but I would not hear of it; I do hate sad sights."

"I think," she went on, "that you could be much braver for yourself than for others; I saw you stop a runaway horse once, but I noticed that you left the others to help the injured man."

"Oh!" he cried gaily, "it seems that already you know too much about me without your necromancer's aid. I think it is my turn to tell you something about yourself."

"But you did not even remember me," she answered quickly.

"Not at first, but I do now quite well. Do you know that on quiet evenings I can hear the sharp tapping of your typewriter—by the way, you work too late; that must be altered now that we are going to be friends—and on Sundays you often play hymns softly to yourself between the lights, and I

like the music ever so much better than the machine working."

"The typewriter is hired; the old Erard was a wedding gift to my mother—you can guess how ancient it is, yet every note is like the ghost of departed sweetness; when I touch them there comes to me the scent of *pot pourri*, and if I look out upon the street, wet and shining after rain, I see it as a river upon which the moon shines peacefully—it was like that with me when she used to play it in the old times, for I was country born and bred. There is a magic hidden away in that shabby old case, and it wakes when the notes are touched."

"There wouldn't be if I touched them, but I know there is when you do. How odd it is that we should have met here to-day."

"Not odd, as far as I am concerned, for I am a member of this learned body that you are pleased to call antiquaries—but you! if you knew how ridiculously young and out of place you look amongst such elderly scientists—How is it that the sweetheart is not another incongruous element in such an owlsh collection?"

"She is gone away with her people. If she were only here it would be a day straight out of Paradise." Then, because his quick, sympathetic tact accused him of having spoken ungraciously, he turned to her with a smile that touched the latent maternity in her and made it shine through her eyes. Was it not true that for years she had mothered him from over the way, and perhaps—who knows?—warded off from his unconsciousness some of the unseen evils of life.

"Do you know, I think that I have found to-day what I have been missing ever since my mother died, and that is a woman friend—for I hope you mean to honor me by being mine."

"I know just what you mean. Of course the sweetheart is the dearest

woman in all the world; but, of necessity, she lives in the enchanted garden—where the nightingales sing and the sweet flowers grow everlastingly. But she stands a queen almost beyond earthly things, and one needs besides a work-a-day friend for this work-a-day world—some one to mend the socks and mend a broken heart, if she forgets to write or the letter comes a few hours late."

"But it is not to be one-sided," he explained, eagerly. "As you've no brother or husband there must be lots of little things I can do for you."

They shook hands warmly upon their bargain, but, although he did not know it, there was nothing better for him to do—nothing better for her than just to give her some personal object upon which to pour out the hidden riches of her nature, for, to such a woman it was far more blessed to give than to receive.

Quite forgetful of the archaeologists and their dry-as-dust papers, they read the scroll that nature unfolded to them, and for both the day was very fair, although his were the long, long thoughts of youth, and she had compared herself, with truth, to the coin that is waiting to be called in for the new minting.

They had been friends through many happy months when the blow fell that was to separate them. He came in one evening quite unlike himself, and, with the brightness gone from face and eyes, he looked years older. She did not say much, but she felt that the time had come for the work-a-day friend, and that if she did not question him he would tell her what was troubling him. But she thought of nothing worse than some transient cloud between him and the lady of the enchanted garden; she had no idea until he spoke of the deep distress that he was laboring under; but when he broke

silence she let her work fall, so that no sign of his might escape her anxious eyes.

"I am afraid I am not a very entertaining visitor; the fact is, I am terribly worried."

Her name was Anson, but he rarely called her by it. Miss Anson seemed to place a distance between them that was not really there. He often named her his fairy godmother, and she liked that title best.

"You have been worried since Saturday; you had been a little worried before that, but on Sunday you did not go out all day, and yet the sun was shining, and the beloved in town?"

"Yes; because I could not face her, for I am in such a dreadful hole. I did not think any fellow on the square as I am, could have been placed in so cruel a position."

She saw instantly that the trouble was very serious, and her strength rose up to help and sustain him.

"If I make a clean breast of it, will you promise me to tell no living soul?"

She promised, and even without words he saw that she was loyal to the core.

"You know the bank I work for; I would not mention it by name otherwise?"

She seemed unprepared for anything of a business nature, but she answered glibly enough, as though the name were familiar to her. "You mean the Abyssinian bank in Threadneedle Street."

"Of course, you know, for I've told you. What you do not know is that my prospective father-in-law, tempted by our generous dividends, wants to sell out his Consols to buy—Abyssinians. He thinks, poor, weary, old boy, that he would have enough to retire upon. My God!"

She was very, very quick to understand him, and her face grew white, she might even have turned a little faint if she had not braced herself to

do battle against that weakness of his, about which she had warned him when first they had spoken together.

"I see; the shares are likely to go down, and you are bound in honor to give no hint of this?"

Even then there was warning in her voice, a bedrock of principle against which his undisciplined soul chafed restlessly.

"Go down! Why they will go smash! I don't see a chance of escaping. Some big financial ships have sunk recently, and although ours is a big one too, it has to go down like the others. It does not mean that we have been rascally, as I understand it, for of course I am only a clerk, but it has been disaster upon disaster—and, as I say, the ship must sink, all hands aboard."

"But while the ship still floats you must not desert it?"

There was a nervous movement of his mouth, and instinctively he put up his hand to conceal it.

"I need not desert it, but surely I could give one word of warning—there's his wife getting old, and the little lame boy who will never be able to do a stroke. And what about Mabel and her sisters, for I shall have to beg in the world over again?"

He looked eagerly into her face to see a gleam of comfort—a hope that she would side with him against his own conscience and make the wrong thing seem the right. So piteous was the appeal that she felt shaken. After all, a man owed a sacred duty to his own, and surely a word of warning might be spoken without wrong to any, for it was absurd to suppose that a few shares more or less could make any difference to the final catastrophe. But for his speaking she might have committed herself to his undoing.

"You know that he has not an idea but that they are as safe as his blessed Consols, and I'd have spoken—just

given a hint, you know—but unfortunately he knows a lot of City fellows, and when they have whisky and soda in the mornings he—he's not so young as he was, poor old chap, and a little upsets him, and there is just one chance in a thousand that he might talk."

"Then that settles it," she said quietly, but feeling as though she had started back from a precipice; "the officers, true to their sworn word, must stand bravely at attention as the ship goes down; there is nothing grander to do anywhere."

And again he dashed himself hopelessly against the rock of her firmness.

"Do you think that it is because I care so much for myself? In a certain sense I must go down, of course; but I might save the others. If I might only do that I would not care an atom about myself, save as my non-success affected Mabel; after all, the woman a man loves should be everything to him."

He thought he spoke strongly and like a man, but she only saw the weakness that was becoming dangerous. She wanted to weep for him, but she dared not.

"Not everything. A man may love a woman enough to give his life for her cheerfully; but he may not throw away his honor—his solemnly plighted word. You have told me yourself how good they have always been to you?"

"They have been awfully decent to me; but all that is not to the point. I daresay you hardly understand, as you have nothing to lose."

For he was hurt and angry that for the first time her sympathy had seemed to fail him. He had only wanted her word of condonation and excuse, but she had responded hardly and without sympathy. Yet all the time her heart was bleeding for him inwardly, but she had the strength to see others suffer which he had not. She had to hide her pity behind sharp words, and so

eting his failing courage to its highest point. She did not even wince when he told her that she had nothing to lose.

"But think how much you may lose. If you save these others how will you save yourself from disloyalty; from disregard of your solemn word; from actual cowardice?"

Under the lash of her words the angry blood crept into his face, and he sat more erect. He was growing bitter against her, and she knew it.

"It is so easy to talk. As I say, you stand to lose nothing whatever happens. But try to imagine what Mabel will think if I let her father ruin himself?"

"If she loves you she will think as I do. She will know even as you do."

"You do not understand; how should you, living alone with no ties. Mabel is a loving, trusting girl, with no knowledge of business obligations."

The angry flush had faded in thinking of her, and his unsteady purpose was wavering again. The woman who was merely his work-a-day friend saw it, and struck her last blow.

"I am bitterly disappointed in you—in myself, that you should think me capable of siding with your worst self. You came in the hope that I should tell you that wrong was right; that treachery and disloyalty were the royal roads to domestic bliss, and that a man's oath counted as nothing against the pecuniary losses of the girl he loves. I know the position is hard, cruelly hard; but it has to be faced, or you leave your honor on the field. You came for soft words of condonation, so that you might support your own weakness with mine; but this you shall not do, for I will have no hand in your *disgrace*."

The blow went home, and she felt almost certain that she had won as he rose to go. But she was left to count the cost, for he barely touched her hand and went out full of bitterness

against her. For a time she sat still as one on whom the darkness had suddenly fallen, and then she opened a small tin box and took out a stock certificate bearing on it the signature of the Abyssinian Banking Company, Limited. The certificate hinted at quite a ridiculous sum from a mercantile point of view; but a woman can make a little money go a long way, and this was well, for her eyes were beginning to fall her for typewriting.

For some little time she held the paper in her hands, and it shook a little, and then she put it quietly back again.

"It would be merely taking one tiny drop out of the bucket; no one would know or miss it and yet—I believe if I did this thing, and so violated the spirit of his trust in me, God would not give me the victory, as I believe and trust that He has."

Truly her sun had set, but there was light enough left for her to walk by.

It was all over, and standing silently at his post he had gone down with the ship. Nothing was left now but the wreckage of lost hopes and a love which had not been strong enough to believe no evil. Francis Parmiter had to begin the world again, bankrupt of many things that make it worth living. He had done his duty; but duty is a cold hard thing, so often blighting the flowers which grow in its path, and as his life had turned so bitter he saw no reason why he should not go out and risk it where there was stir and excitement. There was no one to say him nay, for Mabel had decided that two impecunious persons were best apart for good and all, and for the woman who was just breaking her heart over him like a mother over her child, he had only coldness and impatience. True, he had called out of politeness to bid her good-bye, but his manner had been icy, with his rancor against her like bitter water breaking through. He froze her, too, until she

was like some stopped little brook that could babble no word of its warm living message, or show even faintly what was beneath.

But she could not part with him so; that was impossible, and, staking everything on one last throw, she went to the station to see the troop train off. She literally fought her way there through crowds that would have scared her at any other time; but then her strength of purpose would not be gainsaid.

She struggled through the throngs of people until she was almost through the barriers, and then they thrust her back as having no business there. In her great fear that she might be too late to look upon his face once more, she made agonized excuse for herself, and every word rang with irresistible truth.

"But he is my son—my only son. You would not have him go without one last word for me?"

The men looked kindly on the piteous little figure so breathless and spent, and they made way for her.

"Pass on then, mother; we don't want to be hard on such as you."

The precious moments were nearly gone when she discovered him, and as she hurried up his friends—they were only men—drew a little away, rather wondering what this shabby person could want with Parmiter, whom they thought greatly in luck.

"I hope you don't mind, but I came to wish you god-speed."

"I don't think you were wise to come, but it is awfully good of you."

They had changed places, for she was nervous, hurried, pitifully uncertain and apologetic, and of the indomitable strength he had seen once on her face there remained not a shadow; she was just a nerveless, quivering figure with shaking lips that tried vainly to smile conventionally in order to meet his mood and not shame him with her

tears before the others. Her bonnet was all awry, and her hair—grown so much grayer in the last few months—lay in wisps upon an anxious forehead. She had been so pushed and tussled in her journey that all her usual neat order was disarranged, and her whole appearance was tragedy under a serio-comic mask; but one of the men who had begun to joke about Parmiter's queer old aunt was sharply silenced by another.

"Shut up, you young cub! Can't you see it is no laughing matter?"

And the eyes that should have read more clearly than any were blinded by pride and disappointment. In times past she had mended his socks, but he had helped her in a hundred genial ways and had always been sympathetically quick to notice when she had been weary and depressed.

In reality it was she and not Mabel who had known the best and most chivalrous side of him, and now the two who had been so near to each other stood at a hopeless distance, and she had to repress her breaking heart until it could answer properly to his coldness and polite anxiety for her welfare.

"You should take a cab home; it would be safer."

And she had to catch her breath into a laugh or it would have been a sob, for the moment had come, and she caught his limp hand between her trembling ones.

"God bless you—and bring you back safe!"

"I am afraid that is not very important. You see there is some insurance money for Mabel if I get potted."

He did not mean to be so cruel; he was only very bitter and very young; but as the train began slowly to move its great weight and she was left behind, a pathetically forlorn little figure, he seemed suddenly to realize how cruel he had been.

"God! what a brute I am! I will write to her from the other side."

But when he got to the other side he thought of nothing but fighting—that is to say at first—so he never wrote after all.

So she was left a sobbing, broken creature to find her way out as best she could. Another woman, less heart-broken, helped her.

"Dear, dear! how bad your eyes look. They are almost blind with crying."

"Partly with crying; but I am a very old woman, and I get blinder every day."

"There, there; it's hard on us women, but you'll feel better in a bit."

"I am so old," repeated the other helplessly.

Just another scene—the last. The crowds which had assembled in thousands to see them off were in tens of thousands to welcome them home. The streets rang with welcome—with frenzied shouts—until all decorum was lost in riot, and even the returned heroes stood in some danger from the enthusiasm of their admirers. There was danger abroad both for hosts and guests, and one old woman knocked down and trampled upon really did not matter so much with younger and handsomer ones, who were useful to the State, in equal danger. But one of the returned heroes, with his tunic in tatters from the attentions of the mob, saw the serious catastrophe and rushed to the rescue. With infinite difficulty and fierce determination, he raised the woman to find her unconscious or dead, and carried her to an ambulance where she might receive assistance if not already beyond it.

Before she was out of his arms he recognized the pale likeness of his old friend, his fairy godmother, as one might recognize a ghost of some one departed this life. She was merely a wraith, a shadow, but still he knew

her, and because stern war had made a man of him at last, he loved her as he had done before her hand had saved him from dishonor.

"Poor soul!" said the sister who had her hands more than full, "the workhouse authorities ought not to open their doors to let out old people on such a day as this."

"Workhouse! What are you thinking about? She is a dear friend of mine—a lady."

And then for the first time he noticed the dress, and the shock of it kept him silent. He was silent whilst one of the harassed medical attendants examined her. His statement was brief and to the point.

"This old woman is dying; she must be taken to the hospital at once."

Parmiter held out his arms, and for a moment the tears blinded him.

"Let me take her. She belongs to me."

So they fared together to the hospital; the man who had never been stronger or healthier in mind and body than he was then, and the poor, battered old coin that was to be called in and made new. And because she was fast dying they let him stay with her; and she was conscious enough to listen to his story told in so few words.

"You made a man of me, godmother. I knew it when first I faced the bullets, but I knew it better still when I was wounded and had to face the possibilities. Why, do you know that Francis Parmiter has gained honorable mention even amongst such a lot of dare-devils? If you had not kept me straight, I should have funk'd it then, I know."

He had no thought of self-glorification, but he saw that his words were just giving her life—that she was drinking them in as one who had thirsted nigh unto death.

"I knew it," she said proudly, and her eyes looked unseeingly upon a little

packet of papers that they had untied from off her neck.

He undid them, to see a report of his own deed which she had cherished, but the other paper was the old worthless scrip bearing the legend of the Abyssinian Banking Company, Limited!

He looked at that, too, and she watched him smilingly, until he fell on his knees to touch the hand that had no power in it.

"Hush! lad. Hush! I never thought to gather such sheaves in this life, but they are rich—rich—"

There was a faint flush of joy in her

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face which even death could not rob her of; and a passionate desire to make amends and keep the loved presence by him made him speak.

"You are going to get better now that I have come to take care of you; and when you are stronger we are going back, you and I, to the other side. I've made good friends there; and you shall keep house for me, my little mother, and I'll be the proudest son that ever lived."

"On the other side," she whispered joyfully. "Kiss me, child, for I am going first."

Ellen Ada Smith.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

Recent criticism has not been quite judicious in its estimate of some living American writers. The excessive praise bestowed on the rather facile historical novel, "Richard Carvel," is a striking illustration of the lack of the sense of proportion in the minds of some critics when they happen to be reviewing new American works of fiction. Whatever may be the strong points of this book, it is distinctly amateurish both in style and construction. Of course, "Richard Carvel" would never have been written if Mr. Stanley Weyman had not set the fashion of writing historical novels on the somewhat artificial plan of making the hero relate his own exploits. "Richard Carvel" is from this point of view little better than a clever imitation of so-called historical romances which are doomed, sooner or later, to pass into oblivion for this simple reason—that they appeal too much to popular taste to have much solid artistic value.

The indiscriminating critic also mis-

leads the public, as he probably misleads himself, when he lauds Mr. Henry James and Mr. W. D. Howells as masters of style. The style of both of these authors is surely marred by cumbrousness, affectation and self-consciousness. When we compare their method with that of Nathaniel Hawthorne, we are struck by the difference. Hawthorne appeals to the human heart; they appeal to the prejudices and, we might add, to the manias of latter-day literary pedants. While Mr. Howells sees nothing in modern life but "leather and prunella," Hawthorne sees a deep and tragic background behind the apparently commonplace routine of civilized existence. To overestimate living American writers is to do injustice to Hawthorne. One of the worst offences of the log-roller is the way in which he, so to speak, depreciates the literary currency. He makes pewter pass for gold, so that books become a species of debased coinage. It is time to call attention to the fact that

the American writers of to-day are much inferior artists to Hawthorne.

So peculiar is the position of Nathaniel Hawthorne in literature that justice has never been done to his extraordinary powers as a writer of fiction. It is true that Mr. Leslie Stephen in his work, "Half-hours in a Library," gives the American writer credit for having extracted poetry "out of the most unpromising materials;" but something more than this can be said of Hawthorne. He is not merely a great creative artist. He is a writer endowed with the rarest kind of originality; he is one of the true aristocrats of literature. His genius is the fine flower of Puritanism. In his writings there is nothing impure—nothing "common" or "mean." He has a positive disdain for the trivial. He has made imagination the torch of conscience. Tearing aside the mask of conventionality which human nature wears in every-day life, he reveals its inner depths with painful clearness and definiteness.

His method, indeed, is almost the reverse of that adopted by nearly all other writers of fiction. He pays very little attention to those details so dear to the average novelist. The environment of his characters is only touched upon where it affects their spiritual development or their psychological condition. Thus, in "The House of the Seven Gables" the necessity forced upon the proud Pyncheon family of opening a shop in their decayed mansion is important from the standpoint of the psychologist, for poor Miss Hepzibah's experiment leads to some of the romantic incidents which not only give life and color to the story, but bring out all that is most distinctive and characteristic in its *dramatis personæ*. The villainy of Judge Pyncheon and his terrible death have in them a kind of Æschylean fatality; but the author carefully avoids all "blood-curdling" details, so that the tragic horror of the

dénouement is, in every way, the opposite of melodrama.

Carlyle, in his somewhat ungenerous estimate of Scott's novels, has described them as "costume novels." Of course, this is not a fair criticism of Scott. The Waverley Novels have enjoyed a long-continued popularity because of their really great merits as works of fiction. But it must be acknowledged that Scott was too much concerned about externals, and did not always devote sufficient attention to the study of character. This could not be said of Hawthorne. It is easy to conceive how differently he would have dealt with the subject which Scott has, after his own fashion, so strikingly treated in "Ivanhoe." We should have had very few tournaments—possibly, we might have had no description of a tournament. We should, on the other hand, have learned a great deal more as to the spiritual history of both Ivanhoe and Rebecca. We should have been more deeply interested in the unrestrained brutality of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf's spirit than in the bare record of his crimes. A more lurid light might have been cast on the mysterious death of the Templar, Bois-Guilbert, who, according to Scott, after a fall from his horse, died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions. In short, we should have had none of the Wardour-street element in "Ivanhoe" if it had been written by Hawthorne.

But Scott was not Hawthorne. He was greater in narrative power, far inferior in penetrative insight. To his ardent admirers Sir Walter will always be the "Wizard of the North," and his glamor will be unfading. To those whom his magic cannot charm, many—if not most—of his historical portraits will seem little better than "plaster of Paris," to use Mr. Leslie Stephen's somewhat disrespectful but not unfelicitous phrase.

The book which has gained for Hawthorne the widest fame is "The Scarlet Letter." He did not himself regard it as the work that embodied his highest conceptions as a literary artist; but it is certainly a masterpiece of its kind. In the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale we have a study in "morbid anatomy" which impresses us as too cruel, too uncompromising. The woman, Hester Prynne, is a heroine as great as Magdalen. Her moral martyrdom raises the story to the highest level of tragedy. Even George Eliot has never presented to us the heroic possibilities of a woman's nature so vividly or thoroughly as Hawthorne has in "The Scarlet Letter." The book, however, has artistic defects. Its "symbolism," on which Mr. Henry James has laid so much stress, gives the story here and there a curious aspect of unreality. The witch-element, too, is a mistake. It might, furthermore be urged that old Roger Chillingley is an attempt to personify the Prince of Darkness in human form. But, when criticism has done its worst, "The Scarlet Letter" remains the greatest work of its kind in the English language. As an example of Hawthorne's unapproachable greatness in the finest passages of this extraordinary book, take the scene of the Minister's confession:—

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers who were his brethren; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy, and, as knowing that some deep life-matter—which, if full of sin, was full of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman, and gave a distinctness to his figure as he stood out from all the earth to put his plea of guilt at the Bar of Eternal Justice.

"People of New England," cried he, with a voice that rose ever high, solemn and majestic, yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe, "Ye that have loved me—ye that have deemed me holy! Behold me here, the one sinner in the world! At last! At last! I stand upon the spot where seven years since, I should have stood, here with this woman, whose arm more than the little strength where-with I have crept hitherward, sustains me, at this dreadful moment, from grovelling down upon my face! Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been, wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose, it has cast a lurid gleam of awe, and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you at whose hand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

The dramatic power of the scene is only equalled by what one might call its spiritual realism. How terrible is the unveiling of a soul! and how marvellous is the gift of the artist who can thus uplift the veil! Many writers have, since Hawthorne's death, vainly endeavored, by borrowing the confession-scene in "The Scarlet Letter," to adapt it to other circumstances, but what a failure such efforts have proved! The imitators of Hawthorne have not the art of creating an atmosphere in which their phantoms could live.

"The Blithedale Romance," though it possesses a deep interest as a tolerably faithful account of the Brook Farm experiment, can scarcely be described as an entirely successful work of fiction. But the character of Zenobia will always fascinate the student of female psychology. Mr. Thomas Hardy has never portrayed a more charming, a more wayward, a more elusive, or a more inscrutable type of womanhood. The scene in which the body of Zenobia

is discovered in the river, with her knees still bent in the attitude of prayer, and with a look of proud defiance in her eyes, is one which clearly proves that Hawthorne was a consummate artist.

If we were merely discussing the question of style, it would be no exaggeration to say that Hawthorne has never written anything more beautiful than the description of the old man and the child in "The Dolliver Romance." The work, though a fragment, bears the stamp of genius. At the time when Hawthorne was writing it he was suffering not only from illness but from anxiety as to pecuniary affairs. He had previously written about his projected work in this characteristic fashion:—

There is something preternatural in my reluctance to begin. I linger at the threshold and have a perception of very disagreeable phantasms to be encountered as I enter. I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book.

It would not, indeed, have been "a sunshiny book" if Hawthorne had lived to complete it. A book written by a man in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" can scarcely be expected to be mirthful or light in tone; and yet there is in what remains of "The Dolliver Romance" a certain calm serenity and even humor, which, curiously enough, always formed a portion of Hawthorne's genius, despite his sense of the tragic importance of life. Like Mr. Henley, he did not shrink from the "Horror of the Shade," but, unlike this modern poetic apostle of the doctrine of "No Surrender," he realized too keenly the sad destiny of man to boast that he, or any other fallible mortal, was "master of his fate." Whether the gossamer materials out of which Hawthorne intended to construct the story would have weakened its force

as a finished work of fiction might be an interesting question for those concerned with the mere art of manufacturing stories. But we cannot judge Hawthorne by this standard. Certainly in "Septimius Felton, or the Elixir of Life," the theme is also too fanciful, too ethereal perhaps, for successful treatment.

In "Transformation" Hawthorne gives us of his best. It has been said by a celebrated English novelist that in grandeur of design it was the greatest work of fiction ever written, but that the author had failed to execute his plan effectively. Some of the best passages in "Transformation" could certainly not be excelled. Balzac has never written anything finer than these passages. Hawthorne, however, by his fastidious contempt for mere dramatic situations, cramped his story; and "Transformation," which might have been his greatest work, inevitably creates on our minds the same impression as if it had been a mutilated piece of beautiful sculpture.

Of the short stories of this unique writer it would be hard to speak too highly. Some of them are, perhaps, more truly representative of his peculiar genius than his more elaborate works. For instance, "The Birth-mark" and "The Great Stone Face" have more spiritual significance than any other stories of the same length.

In one of the "Notes," which give such an astonishing glimpse at the mental mechanism of the author, Hawthorne says he would like to write a story about nothing. Curiously enough, Flaubert says much the same thing in one of his letters. To the novel-manufacturer of to-day the idea may seem grotesque; but in reality genius has little need of incidents to produce immortal works. It is not the situations in "Hamlet" but the revelations of Hamlet's struggles that interest us most. Hawthorne, the greatest Ameri-

can prose writer, stands alone as the analyst of the soul. His stern Puritanism has compelled him to strip off the stage accessories of life, and to lay bare the maladies and the convulsions which are the real sources of human misery. He is in literature what Spinoza is in philosophy—a fearless pursuer of truth. Those who are weary of books of adventure and of sensationalism may turn to Hawthorne

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for refreshment and peace. His works have a cloistral calm which has nothing in common with the mad rush of modern life. It is strange that a country where progress has almost made "the individual wither" should have given birth to such a man. But America needed a Hawthorne. His writings are the best corrective of her restless pursuit of material success.

D. F. Hannigan.

KATE GREENAWAY.

The little paragraph in the papers a week ago stating simply that Kate Greenaway was dead must have come as a shock to thousands of people. One had never thought of death in connection with this delicate and joyous artist. Her name had called up for so long only pleasant, sunny associations; memories of green meadows with grave little girls and boys a-maying; quiet, restful rooms, with tiny fireplaces, daffodils in blue vases on the high mantelpieces, and grave little girls and boys a-playing; and trim village streets where everything was well-kept and well-swept, and all the roofs were red and all the garden gates and fences green, and more grave little girls carried dolls, and more grave little boys rolled hoops, and very young mothers with high waists gossiped together over their grave little babies' infinitesimal heads. Some such scenes as these have for twenty years been rising before one whenever Kate Greenaway's name was heard, bringing with them a gentle breath of ancient repose and simplicity and a faint scent of potpourri. And now the hand that devised this innocent communism of quaintness and felicity, this juvenile Arcadia, is still forever!

For some years Miss Greenaway has not been the power that once she was. Her greatest triumphs were in the early eighties, when she illustrated Jane and Ann Taylor's "Original Poems," and wrote and illustrated verses of her own writing, and put forth every Christmas a little almanac, with scenes fitting to every month, and delicate and dainty borders of the old-world flowers she loved best. It might almost be said that she invented the daffodil. That was the time when flowers were being newly discovered, and while the æsthetes were worshipping the sunflower and the lily Miss Greenaway was bidding the cheeriest little daisies spring from the grass and the chubbiest little roses burst from the bushes, and teaching thousands of uninitiated eyes how beautiful the daffodil is. Wordsworth had done so before, it is true; but between Wordsworth and Kate Greenaway how wide a gulf of stuffy taste was fixed—the forties, the fifties, the sixties and the seventies! Kate Greenaway came like a fresh southern breeze after a fog. The æsthetes were useful, but they were artificial; they never attained to her open-air radiances. In the words of a critic whom I was reading some-

where the other evening, Kate Greenaway newly dressed the children of England; and the effects of her influence will probably never be lost. And to a great extent she re-furnished England too. There is not an intelligent upholsterer or furniture dealer in the country at this moment whose warehouses do not bear witness to Miss Greenaway's unobtrusive, yet effectual, teaching. She was the arch-priestess of Happy Simplicity.

As an illustrator of dramatic stories, such as the domestic tragedies set forth of the Sisters Taylor, or Mr. Bret Harte's "Queen of Pirate Isle," or "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," Miss Greenaway was not quite successful. Her genius bent rather to repose than action; or, at least, to any action more complex than skipping or dancing, picking flowers, crying or taking tea. (No one in the whole history of art has drawn more attractive tea-tables.) Drama was beyond her capacity, and her want of sympathy with anything unhappy or forceful also unfitted her. Her pictures prove her the soul of

The Academy.

gentleness. Had she set out to draw a tiger, it would have purred like the friendliest tabby; nothing could induce her pencil to abandon its natural bent for soft contours and grave kindlinesses. Hence her crones were merely good-natured young women doing their best—and doing it very badly—to look old; her witches were benevolent grandmothers. To illustrate was not her *métier*. But to create—that she did to perfection. She literally made a new world where sorrow never entered—nothing but the momentary sadness of a little child—where the sun always shone, where ugliness had no place, and life was always young. No poet has done more than this. It seems to me that among the sweet influences of the nineteenth century Kate Greenaway stands very high. The debt we owe to her is beyond payment; but I hope that some memorial will be considered. Randolph Caldecott has a memorial in the crypt of St. Paul's; Lewis Carroll in the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital; Kate Greenaway must have one too.

E. V. Lucas.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Nearly three thousand periodicals are published in Paris; among them one hundred and forty dailies. Some of these, however, exist only in title, for in several instances the same matter is utilized under different names.

Marion Crawford's new story, "The Harvest of the Sword," which is to be published serially next year, is said to be one of his most ambitious. It turns upon the struggles of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, and Dante, Francesca

da Rimini and Count Ugolino are among the characters.

In the preface to a new translation in English of Tolstoy's "Sevastopol" an amusing story is told of the way in which a German translator handled the inscription to "Anna Karenina:" "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." That inscription was written by Tolstoy in the ecclesiastical Slavonic used by the Russian Church. Having an inkling of the first word, and misled by

the sound of the Slavonic *Az* (which means *I*), the translator produced this rendering—"Revenge is sweet; I play the ace."

Mr. Frederic Harrison includes in his "Personal Reminiscences" this pleasant bit about Browning:—

Dear old Browning! how we all loved him; how we listened to his anecdotes; how we enjoyed his improvised "epitaphs in country churchyards," till we broke into shouts of laughter as we detected the amusing forgery. At home in the smoking-room of a club, in a lady's literary tea-party, in a drawing-room concert, or in a river picnic, he might have passed for a retired diplomat, but for his buoyancy of mind and brilliancy of talk. His heart was as warm, his moral judgment as sound as his genius was original.

Even with sprightly Penelope and her Experiences fresh in mind, there will still be readers to prefer Kitty Schuyler and to insist that Kate Douglas Wiggin's pen has never moved more deftly than when it traced the progress of Jack Copley's "Cathedral Courtship." A new and enlarged edition of that delightful little story—now for the first time between covers of its own—is published this season by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The fresh details which Mrs. Wiggin has introduced concern the courtship rather than the cathedrals, and Mr. Charles E. Brock's illustrations are in the same line. It would be hard to find a livelier, pleasanter book, or one better adapted to serve as a holiday remembrance.

Two juvenile books entitled to warm praise come from the Henry Altemus Co. In "The Little Lady—Her Book," Albert Bigelow Paine whom many readers will remember in connection with that clever skit of last season, "The Bread Line"—tells with quaint and original touches a series of such stories as young children delight in;

and Mabel Humphrey and others accompany them with pictures which will give equal pleasure. For older readers, and combining information with entertainment, is "Tommy Foster's Adventures Among the Southwest Indians," by the popular writer and lecturer, Fred A. Ober. Upon a thread of narrative not too slender Mr. Ober has strung interesting descriptions of Indian life in *Arizona and New Mexico*, as well as of the natural scenery and geological structure of that remarkable region. Illustrations by Stanley M. Arthur add to the attractiveness of the book.

It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Edwin Markham, in a second volume of verse, could repeat the surprise of "The Man with the Hoe." That poem set a standard too high to be easily reached again. But his second book of verse, "Lincoln and Other Poems" shows a range of poetic gifts which, perhaps, would hardly have been guessed from his earlier performance. He can be grave or he can be gay; he has at times a delicate and at times a strong fancy; and with his more serious measures and themes are mingled light lyrics and bits of melody which sing themselves with easy grace. The title poem is a really fine tribute to the great President who grows only greater as his figure recedes into history, and there are at least half a dozen lines in it which will linger long in the reader's memory. McClure, Phillips & Co.

"Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire," by the Marquis of Lorne, now the Duke of Argyll holds the place of a family memoir of the late Queen rather than of a formal history of her reign. It has been written, necessarily and confessedly, in haste; and with little attention to niceties of style. But its very simplicity gives it a charm.

Other and better-equipped historians may be left to recount the events of Victoria's long reign, to make their estimates of her character and influence, and to weigh judiciously the performances of the statesmen who served her. The Marquis of Lorne—to use his more familiar title—has not essayed anything of this kind. But out of the fulness of intimate personal knowledge, he has written of the Queen chiefly as she was seen in her personal relations, among her children and grandchildren. The book is particularly rich in details and anecdotes of the Queen's early years and her married life; nearly or quite three-fourths of it being devoted to the years preceding the death of the Prince Consort, in 1861. Altogether it is a very winning picture of a singularly pure and noble life. There are numerous illustrations from old drawings, paintings and miniatures. Harper & Bros.

The tendency of the modern biography to expand into two volumes must be deplored by all who have not unlimited leisure at their command; and it is but imperfectly met by the exercise of the reader's inalienable right of "skipping." In the case of Horace E. Scudder's biography of James Russell Lowell, however, there will be little disposition to deplore the two volume form, or to skip any of the details which Mr. Scudder supplies. Mr. Lowell's personality was so interesting, his letters so entertaining, his charms as an essayist, critic and poet so rich and varied, and his share in the literary and to some extent the political life of his generation so important that the two volumes are a pleasure rather than a burden. Mr. Scudder brings to his task the knowledge gained by personal acquaintance as well as by study of his subject's character and writings. He knew Mr. Lowell as friend and neighbor, and succeeded him—at a con-

siderable interval of time—in editorial responsibilities. He writes of him with appreciation, but with discrimination; he supplies many personal particulars with which the public at large was unfamiliar; and he paints a picture of Mr. Lowell which is in every way attractive and sympathetic. Incidentally, he makes numerous quotations from Mr. Lowell's letters which show that Professor Norton did not exhaust that delightful quarry in the volumes which he edited several years ago. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The general public is not often permitted to share in the results of scholarship at first hand, and the privilege of hearing "New Tales from Old Rome" from Rudolfo Lanciani himself, the well-known archaeologist, will be appreciated by those who turn the fascinating pages of the handsome volume in which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. present them. Lately used in connection with a series of lectures given at the University of St. Andrews, the material which appears here was thus in a form not too technical for the lay reader of taste and intelligence, and it now makes a most acceptable addition to the series of works on kindred subjects already bearing Prof. Lanciani's name. It represents the results of archaeological research up to July, 1901, the first two chapters, indeed, being devoted to the notable discoveries made during the last two years in the Forum and along the Via Sacra. Other chapters follow on themes of such popular interest as "The Truth about the Grave of St. Paul," "Jewish Memorials in Rome," "English Memorials in Rome," and the like. There are several hundred maps and illustrations, all of exceptional quality. Altogether, the book is one to reveal to many a reader an enthusiasm for its subject of which he had never supposed himself capable.

THE LAST MASQUERADE.

A wan new garment of young green
Touched as you turned your soft
brown hair;
And in me surged the strangest
prayer
Ever in lover's heart hath been.

That I who saw your youth's bright
page,
A rainbow change from robe to robe,
Might see you on this earthly globe,
Crowned with the silver crown of age,

Your dear hair powdered in strange
guise,
Your dear face touched with colors
pale;
And gazing through the mask and
vell
The mirth of your immortal eyes.
Gilbert Chesterton.

"GOD IS LOVE."

At Derby Haven in the sweet Manx
land
A little girl had written on the sand
This legend:—"God is love." But,
when I said:—
"What means this writing?" thus she
answered:—
"It's father that's at say [sea],
And I come here to pray.
And . . . God is love." My eyes grew
dim—
Blest child! in Heaven above
Your angel sees the face of Him
Whose name is love.

T. E. Brown.

HOPE AGAIN.

The far-off darkness that we cannot
pierce,
Seen distant when we reach the other
side,
By love's light shall be over-canopied.
Far off shall rise above all temporal
curse,
Above all falling-off from fair to
worse,
Above all death, the Church-song yet
untried;

So that no surface discords then shall
hide
The under harmony of the universe,
So, poised immeasurably high, the lark
O'er fields of battle, upturn'd faces
white,
Sings her heart out above the radden'd
wold
Thro' miles that stretch away to God
in gold;
So a far town of dim lamps in the
dark
Constructs itself a coronal of light.
William Alexander.

LOVE'S MEMORY.

Though all my flowers should perish
at my feet,
Though all the pain of life to me
should lean,
I still shall hold one vision gracious,
sweet,
Of what the best has been.

It may be, when the Word in Eden
fell,
'T was kind the Two to exile ere the
night;
That they might keep, still keep, the
garden-spell
A memory of light.

ROSE.

Rose, in the hedge-row grown,
Where the scent of the fresh sweet
hay
Comes up from the fields new-mown,
You know it—you know it—alone,
So I gather you here to-day.

For here—was it not here, say?—
That she came by the woodland way,
And my heart with a hope unknown
Rose?

Ah yes!—with her bright hair blown,
And her eyes like the skies of May,
And her steps like the rose-leaves
strown
When the winds in the rose-trees.
play—
It was here—O my love!—my own
Rose!
Austin Dobson.

